Vol. CXXXVII. No. 1779.

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THE BYSTANDER JANUARY 19, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander

Houston Rogers

Dorothy Hyson Plays a New Part To-night

Miss Hyson's new part is in a Danish play with twenty-six scenes and a musical background — *The Melody That Got Lost*—which starts its run at the Phœnix to-night. She and that good actor Esmond Knight play opposite each other as husband and wife, with Margaret Rutherford as Dorothy Hyson's mother. C. Denis Freeman has collaborated with the author, Kjeld Abell, in making the English adaptation, and he also produces

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Labour crisis in France quickly developed, as these things are apt to do in France, into a major political crisis, and forced the resignation of the second Popular Front Government. M. Chautemps, in his endeavour to placate both the political Right and Left so as to continue his conference between the industrial Right and Left, first made a speech in the Chamber which mildly pleased the Right and annoyed the Popular Front, and then made a second speech on the same day which was designed to please the Popular Front but which resulted in a split between the Radicals and the Communists, and the resignation of the Socialist Ministers. The Popular Front was thus automatically dissolved for the time being and M. Chautemps had to resign.

THE immediate trouble in France, which is the re-casting of the Labour Laws in a way that shall be acceptable both to the Federation of Trade Unions and to the big and little employers alike, has its roots deep in the character of the people. The French are so infernally intelligent, from highest to lowest. They will insist upon thinking for themselves in a cold, logical way that admits of no compromise. Essentially hard, individualist peasants, they resent bitterly the increasing power of international finance, and of international industry as exemplified by the Comité des Forges, and they will fight tooth and nail for their individual rights. The equally hard, logical industrialists see their opportunity for adding to their power and see no reason why they should concede an inch of *their* individual rights. But, while all this is going on, whither France ?

FROM all accounts, Italy met precisely those dilemmas at the Budapest Conference which everyone foresaw. She had either to repeat to her Berlin partner in the Berlin-Rome Axis what she said last year—namely, that she had given up her Central Europe ambitions to Germany in exchange for support in the Mediterranean, in which case she would lose all her friends in the Danube Valley—or else she had to declare openly that her Danubian policy remains the same, in which case Berlin would not be pleased. After much shilly-shallying and hesitating, Italy has chosen the latter alternative.

ITALY only made this awkward decision after her diplomats had failed to bring—for the moment, at least—Austria and Hungary into the Axis and into the anti-Comintern Pact. This was one of the two objects of Italian diplomacy at Budapest, the other being to persuade Austria and Hungary to recognise General Franco. In the second, they succeeded at the last moment, and so to that extent Rome has done well. But the failure of the first more than balances the success of the second. The question which is now being asked is, "What has Italy promised in exchange for the recognition of Franco ?" It is a question of which Germany and Rumania would very much like to know the answer.

The New Danish Minister

Count Eduard Reventlow was photographed on his arrival at Liverpool Street. He was formerly the Danish envoy in Stockholm, and succeeds here Count Ahleveldt-Laurvig, G.C.V.O.

PRESIDENT DE VALERA and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald are getting together at last over the differences between this country and Ireland. It is a fortunate thing that the Dominions Minister is a Celt, for it requires more than Anglo-Saxon bluntness, illogicality, and common sense to follow the subtle workings of mind of the Hispano-Irishman. The discussion between them covers the land-annuities and the naval bases, on both of which agreement should be possible, and the Partition of Ireland, on which I should think agreement is impossible. Ulster is already up in arms—or, perhaps, in view of Ulster's pre-war record, it would be more tactful to say up in ballot-boxes—at the very mention of the word Partition, and is to hold an immediate General Election as a protest.

Round the Restaurants

The "Bystander" monthly Going-Out Guide—"Dinner, Dance, and Cabaret"—is on pp. E—I before the Frontispiece

A FOG of rumour continues to blanket the Ministry of Air and its Minister, Lord Swinton. The *News Chronicle* launched a violent attack a few days ago on the supposed bungling of the re-armament programme in the air, and the *Referee* announced confidently that very soon Lord Swinton would resign and be replaced by Mr. Winston Churchill. That bright little news-sheet, *The Week*, then chipped in and stated, with its usual dogmatic vigour, that the whole situation at the Air Ministry is bound up with the activities of the pro-German group in London. This group, according to *The Week*, is fighting hard to ensure that the Ministry shall be in charge of someone who is sympathetic to Germany (as it was in the days of Lord Londonderry). Whether or not any of these rumours are true, something very queer is going on behind the smoke-screen.

LORD HAILSHAM has returned to his altogether admirable campaign for younger, more efficient, and more conscientious Justices of the Peace. He has written a circular letter to the Lords-Lieutenant of the counties and others in authority, pointing out that absentee Justices ought not to hold on to their Commissions as if they were titles of honour or a reward for services, and also appealing for the resignation from active service of Justices who are "of impaired sight or hearing." It was Lord Morris (recently happily recovered from a severe illness) who started this ball rolling a year ago—as I remember to my cost. For I described him in these pages as a man of seventy-seven, whereas his Lordship is a mere infant of thirty-four, and I had to apologise to him in print.

THE National Trust is doing invaluable work all over the country in acquiring and preserving beauty spots and historical buildings. A small but interesting part of the Trust's activities is the restoration of the George Inn, Southwark. The only galleried inn left in London, the George was built in 1656 and is reputed to be the inn where Mr. Pickwick found Sam Weller. By a happy chance, the old courtyard is used by the horse-vans of a railway company, and so the same old jingle of harness and stamping of hooves and shouts of the drivers still echo round the old rafters. The George is well worth a visit.

LAST week I said that Chile is nominating Mr. Cordell Hull for the Nobel Peace Prize and that I thought Dr. Gilbert Murray's qualifications were even greater than the American Secretary of State's. Now comes a most remarkable nomination. A large number of French University professors, with Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Professor Eccles, of London University, and twenty-two Rumanians, have nominated M. Charles Maurras. M. Maurras is the anti-Democratic, anti-Semitic, French Royalist leader who last year was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment for incitement to violence ! I very seldom use exclamation-marks in these pages, but that one, I think, is permissible as the only possible comment.

I WAS pinched last week for leaving a car for an hour between 9.30 p.m. and 10.30 p.m. in a wide street where

there was practically no traffic, and certainly not a shadow of obstruction. There were perhaps twenty other cars which had also discovered this quiet back-water, and all the drivers had the darbies clapped on them by the gendarmerie, of whom there were about ten in action on the scene of the crime. Two queer little points arose. The representative of Law and Order actually had the nerve to maintain that the householder, whose frontage I had so signally honoured with my company, had legal rights over the roadway which I was occupying. And the second point was the marked coolness, almost hauteur, of the aforementioned G-man when I enquired—as we were in the Marlborough Street area—whether he and his colleagues had caught any of the four Soho murderers yet. I still don't know, because the great big tease refused to tell me.

Miss Betty Humby's experiment at the Cambridge Theatre is being a great success, as it well deserves to be. She is running a series of concerts, once a month, on Sunday evenings, of less familiar works of Mozart. The artists are all young men and women who are getting a chance of public work which they would not otherwise get, and the whole experiment is run on co-operative lines, and without any idea of financial profit. The cheapest seat in the house can be bought for tenpence. An evening of Mozart for tenpence is pretty good value. It is small wonder that the Cambridge Theatre was crowded at the last concert, when Miss Humby herself was playing. The great Herr Schnabel was in the audience, and was loud in appreciation.

I went to see Katharine Hepburn's new film, *Stage Door*, and was astonished at its technical badness. Probably the story was brilliantly written and the dialogue enchantingly witty. But I shall never know, because it was impossible to hear more than one word in twenty. Either the recording-machine was faulty, or else the director had got it into his poor little head that unintelligible sounds delivered very quickly are as entertaining as words which can be heard and understood. Miss Hepburn's face, however, was as satisfactory to look at as ever.

Prince's Club, Knightsbridge, has just held an invitation rackets handicap and, fortunately for those members of the Club who enjoy watching this most spectacular of all ball games (except perhaps polo), the champion of the world accepted his invitation to compete. Mr. David Milford is to other athletes what Mr. Kenneth Gandar-Dower's racing cheetahs are to other animals. That is to say, he is faster on his feet than anyone else. His speed about the racket court has to be seen to be believed, and it is quite impossible to handicap him. Playing off the back mark, Mr. Milford won the Prince's competition with ease.

Dr. Hinsley Brings the First Red Hat to Westminster Since Cardinal Bourne

Cardinal Hinsley received a rapturous welcome on his return from Rome, where the Pope conferred on him the dignity of a Cardinal. Outstanding Roman Catholic laymen, headed by the Duke of Norfolk, greeted him at Victoria (he travelled in his robes; inset above), cheering and hymn-singing crowds lined his route to Westminster, gathered outside Archbishop's House, called "We want our Cardinal!", knelt in the icy street. Dr. Hinsley blessed them from the balcony "by the Pope's commission," later received three hundred Catholic clergy

Snow Story of the Week

A Cold-Spell Chapter from Austria

The Chancellor of Austria at St. Anton

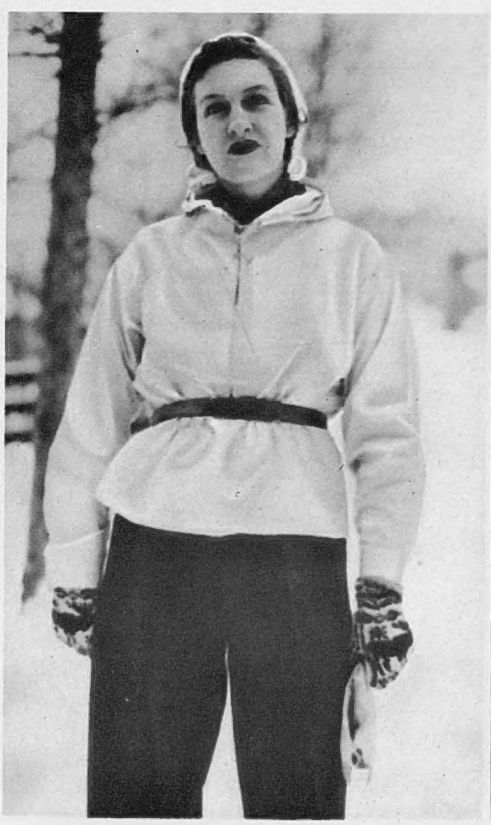
Dr. von Schuschnigg, the Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Schmidt, the Foreign Minister, and Herr Wildung were watching the new Galtzig cable railway at St. Anton, of which Herr Wildung was the engineer. Though the sun was shining, the cold ten days ago in the Arlberg was reported to be terrific, and then there came a big snowfall

Mrs. Alan Butler

was watching the snowstorm that greeted her arrival at St. Anton. She is the wife of the chairman of de Havillands, and captained the Canadian Olympic ladies in 1936

Constituency Neighbours' Meeting

Mr. Douglas Cooke, M.P. for Hammersmith, and the Hon. William Astor, M.P. for Fulham East, met in the main street at St. Anton, the latter wearing a hat he bought in Manchuria



Off to Early School

Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger goes to St. Anton every year, so is disciplined to the 9.30 start of morning ski-school and gets there on time even when there's a snowstorm, as there was this particular morning

They Lost Their Luggage

Colonel and Mrs. Hugh Campbell and their son Loudon motored to St. Anton for the fifth winter in succession, their car being the last over the Arlberg pass before the blizzard. But their luggage, sent by train, hadn't arrived

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Siam and Miss Heycock

sculptor and racing motorist, angsri, married Ceril Heycock is the only daughter of Lieut.- of 62, Evelyn Gardens, S.W.7. groom's brother, was best man

Fayer of Vienna

Mr. Swetenham and Miss A. A. Wilson

John Edmund Swetenham and Alison Ann Wilson had a St. George's, Hanover Square, wedding. He is in the 5th Inniskillings, and is the son of the late Major Foster Swetenham, Royal Scots Greys, and Lady (George) Jessel; she is the daughter of Colonel the Hon. Guy and Mrs. Wilson

The Hon. John Howard and Miss Patricia Macassey

The Rev. F. L. Macassey, the bride's uncle, officiated at the wedding at Chelsea Old Church of John Algernon Frederick Charles Howard, younger son of the Earl of Effingham and Mrs. Rosamund Palmer, to Suzanne Patricia Macassey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Macassey, of 72a, Longridge Road, S.W.

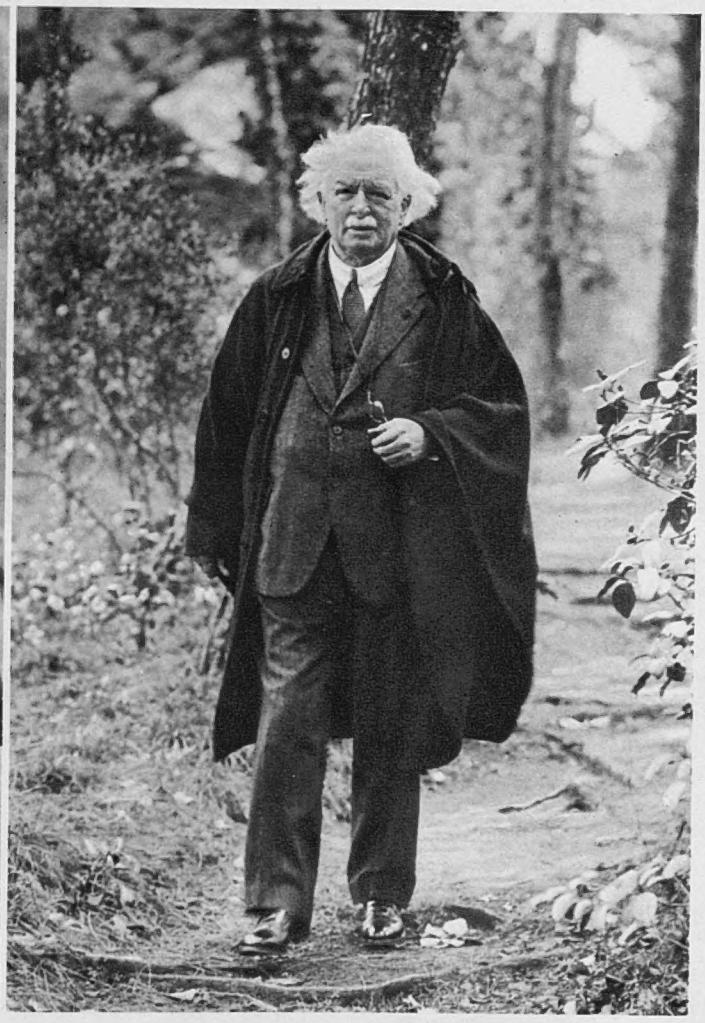
A HOMECOMING AND A PARTY

Above: Miss Penelope Dudley Ward was the homecomer, back from the States where "French Without Tears" proved that in the case of national humour you can't take it with you. She was met at Waterloo by her mother, the Marquise de Casa Maury

Below: Commander Clive Loehnis and Mrs. Philip Kindersley were at the Embassy Club party for to-morrow's premiere of "The Awful Truth" at the Regal, in aid of the Royal Waterloo Children's Hospital

bull-Hugessen at Home

Ambassador in China and was taking a walk his son, Norton, un- a photographer. His bald Clark Kerr, kissed pointment last week



Mr. Lloyd George on the Riviera

Mr. Lloyd George was joined by Dame Margaret Lloyd George at Cap d'Antibes last week, and they will celebrate their golden wedding out there next Tuesday. Of their four children, Lady Carey Evans, Miss Megan Lloyd George and Captain Richard Lloyd George, were expected to join them for the festivities

The Duke of Brunswick, Princess Margarita and Prince Paul of Greece, the Duchess of Brunswick and the King of Greece

The Wedding in Athens

Oldenburg Unites with Guelph

Prince Paul, only brother and heir presumptive to King George of the Hellenes, married in Athens Princess Friederike Luise Thyra Viktoria Margarete Sophie Olga Cécilie of Hanover. She is the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick-Lüneburg and a member of the family who were Kings of England from 1715 till 1832, Kings of Hanover until 1866 and Dukes of Cumberland until 1919. The bride's flowered train was carried by two Princesses and four Princes, three of them her brothers

The wedding procession contained members of nearly every European royal family, reigning or not. The Duke of Kent, seen on the right with Prince Paul, Regent of Jugoslavia, and the King of Greece (centre), represented the House of Windsor

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"This Money Business" (Ambassadors)

"FOR when Matilda shouted 'Fire!', they only answered 'Little liar!'" Thus, you may recall, Mr. Hilaire Belloc on the sad fate of wolf-criers in his *Cautionary Tales*—a volume which, we may infer at the Ambassadors, had not been included in the nursery literature of Gerald Esmond. For Gerald, belonging to one of the now innumerable stage families that "treat life as a joke" and admit themselves to be "quite insane," was always making a mock of reality, rushing round the house with a scimitar if the maid dropped the cocktail-glasses, and even taking the trouble to put on a moustache and dress up as a policeman for a lark at the end of Act I.

Dabbler in pineapples (Peter Murray Hill)

But larks, like other birds, come home to roost. When, at the end of Act II., a real policeman turned up on the doorstep, and Gerald burst into the sitting-room with the alarming news, the rest of the family just laughed and laughed in his face. Nor, when Gerald had gone out and the policeman had come in, were they in the least convinced. Boys would be boys. Gerald would be Gerald. Henry Kendall would be Henry Kendall. Which reception rather nonplussed the stolid representative of a Force that is unaccustomed to being taken lightly.

WHAT was it that brought the Law into the home of these harmless if unentertaining lunatics? I fear I cannot precisely explain. This much, however, was clear—that, having endeavoured to extricate themselves from debt by embarking on some cock-and-bull enterprise connected with pineapples, they found, after making hypothetical fortunes, that they had all involved themselves in a swindle. And a good job too, suggests Cyril Campion, who wrote the play, since riches were only ruining their happiness. (When *will* authors stop risking the ruin of their own happiness by trying to make money out of this back-firing theme?)

One of the troubles that cropped up was between Judy Esmond and the man she loved. Although he had found a delightful little flat in the Marlborough Road, she refused to set up house with him till she had made a lot more money out of the pineapple business. As the rest of the family seemed well able to carry on this business (which was all on paper) from their home in Bloomsbury, it was not easy to understand why Judy should have been unable to do the same thing in St. John's Wood. But let me not complain. Worrying over small points like this helped me, after all, to get through the evening.

Model maid with food (Diana Beaumont) and artist with brush (Henry Kendall)

THE main object of this piece seems to be to give Mr. Kendall a chance to ass about till he marries the parlourmaid. This he does with a will worthy of *Charley's Aunt*. Diana Beaumont as the parlourmaid, and Antoinette Cellier as Judy, decorate the stage attractively, and are more than worthy of their hire. One performance stands out—that of Tonie Edgar Bruce as a wealthy woman past her best, who is ready to pay for her boy so long as the compact is not explicit. This part she plays with a delicate perception that enables one to combine self-respect with amusement. She is also, in one passage, unexpectedly moving. To her the honours. To the rest, pass marks.

Sketches by Rouson

Husband laying down law to unappreciative wife (Ballard Berkeley and Antoinette Cellier)

Paterfamilias, a musician (Henry Hewitt)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"How would you like it cut, sir?"
"Oh, just a little off the sides and round the back"

SWITCHING rather abruptly from soul to body culture, his Grace of Canterbury has appointed next Sunday (formerly the Third after the Epiphany) to be Health Sunday. Dozens of citizens will probably leap from their beds at 6 a.m. on the new feast and jerk their anguished limbs in rhythm, the effects of their deep-breathing at open windows will probably upset the airlines and bring about not a few crashes, and England, parts of it, will quake to the stamping of massive Fitness Girls, who surely merit a feast of their own in the new Kalendar?

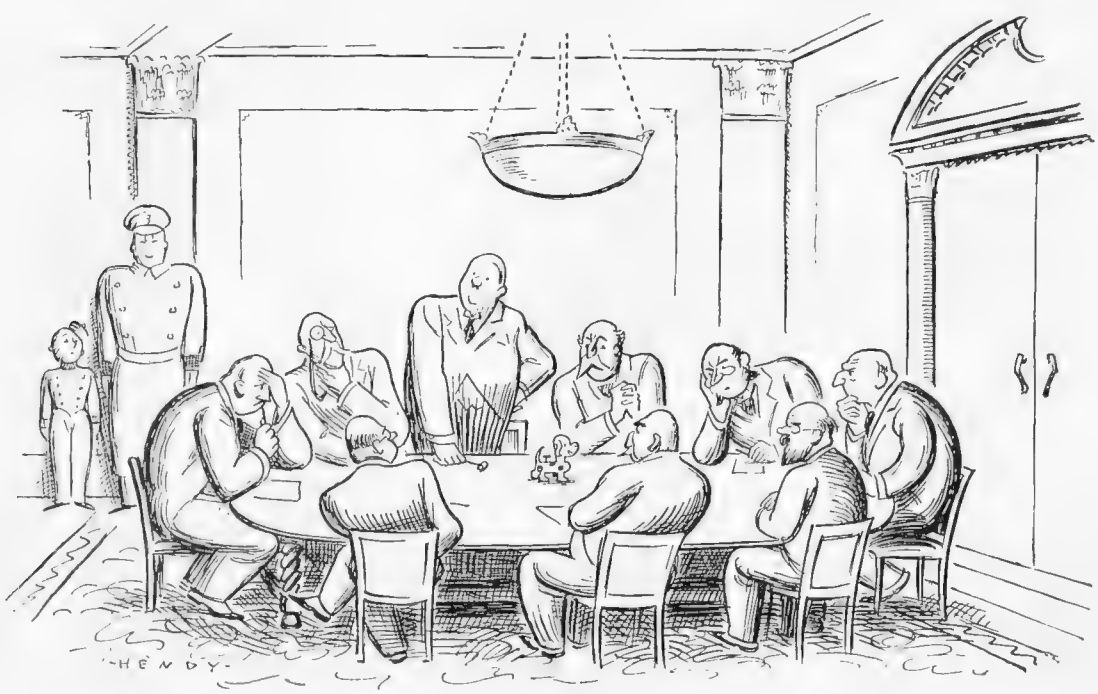
It may seem to you that the Fitness Campaign is a long time getting under way. We still get the quaint speeches about Fitness meaning Happiness; and "Fitness Wins" posters showing big handsome girls in bathing-suits leaping like salmon and bronzed young Greek gods grinning their heads off no doubt have some effect on the tired undersized slaves of the Machine as they shuffle through the Tube corridors, but there doesn't seem to be as yet any organised attack on the apathetic citizenry. Possibly the boys and girls are nearly ready now, and what French Bolsheviks call Le Grand Soir may be on us at any moment. The poor will probably be the first to get it good and plenty, as usual. We shouldn't wonder also if our own name is on the secret list of the Fitness Cheka for immediate liquidation. Well, we shall go to whatever awaits us still maintaining loudly, and with oaths, that fitness from the neck up is what this country needs first and worst.

Think of us still fighting stoutly for this lost cause when the streets resound to the tramp of enormous females in gym suits and the harsh commands of drill-instructors hammering on locked doors. A large red cross, with "Lord, have mercy on us!" will be painted on our own front door, and we shall await the lictors lying on our back in a dressing-gown and reading a French novel. If we wave to you twice as we pass to trial, you 'll know that the third girl on the right in the Iron Squad isn't too bad to look at, except for her muscles being too far down the leg.

High Dudgeon Dept.

THOSE seventh-century B.C. Punic tombs which French archæologists have just discovered at Carthage, which the acid but attractive Mr. King in Kipling's story described as "a sort of godforsaken nigger Manchester," apparently raise the question whether the Carthage which Dido built was on the hill-top or along the sea-coast. You probably don't give a damn either way, but to anybody with a heart who is interested in women it is an interesting question. As you remember, Æneas, after his affair with Dido, gave the girl the air, and sailed away, for which she very properly cut him dead when they next met in the infernal regions. Now it is much easier to part from women (a chap who knows has been telling us) on the sea-level than at an altitude: on the front at Brighton, for example, than on the top floor of the Empire State Building in New York. The explanation is blood-pressure. Therefore if Dido's palace was high up on the Byrsa at Carthage, it cost Æneas more to give her the air than if he had merely said "Well, cheerio," on the shore. In which case Æneas was not the cold-blooded, callous person Virgil makes him out to be, tossing the girl aside like a worn-out orange, but was suffering acutely himself, what with natural anguish, shortness of breath due to altitude, and wondering if the chaps below would sail without him after all.

And therefore (said this chap) one of the oldest and most poignant of love-stories now takes on a different aspect, since the altitude question enters into it. He added that saying good-bye to a girl in a diving-bell is a big ordeal, also. Owing to drumming in the ears, you can't tell whether she 's saying "cad," referring to you, or "cod," referring to the fish rubbering in at the windows.



"Now, gentlemen, are we all agreed that this shall be our 1938 model?"

Complex

THOUGH the Viennese are probably the nicest people in Europe, and therefore in the world, some of them have their off-moments. Crying "Pros't Neujahr!" and "Cool yourself!" the Cool-Yourself-Daily Society of Vienna, whose president is seventy-four, marched by torchlight to

the Danube and celebrated the New Year by diving into the (literally) icy flood at midnight, amid eighteen degrees of frost. We have, of course, the Serpentine Club boys in London, who do the same thing at Christmas, and are old enough to know better. (This year they weren't on the back pages of the dailies as usual, so perhaps they have all died.) You expect such things in these islands, which are packed with troglodytes and cranks, but you don't expect it in Vienna, whose citizens are not, like ours, driven crazy by having nowhere to go. The Viennese, being highly civilised, manfully combat their bitter winter by means of large, padded, warm, bright, gay, comfortable cafés, fragrant with coffee and chocolate and full of conversation and/or music. So this curious anti-social clot or gaggle of ice-bathing fanatics frankly puzzles one.

They probably equally puzzle the Viennese, though not Uncle Sigmund ("Libido") Freud, who is still among them, and probably has a good explanation for this particular neurosis, starting off with somebody's mother having been chased by the iceman. This is a familiar New York domestic situation as well, but it never leads to people plunging into the East River as a New Year sport. It does lead, however, to a lot of jokes, mostly unsuitable.

Loot

SOME of the magnificent jade exhibits at the Chinese Art Exhibition in Conduit Street, as Mr. Hickey sardonically mentioned in the *Express*, are works of art looted from the Summer Palace at Peking during the Boxer rebellion of last century; on which occasion, eye-witnesses report, the troops of every European nation engaged staggered away bent double with treasure, and ladies of quality attached to the Legations fought each other for the loot like housewives at a summer sale. However, the Chinese Ambassador was too tactful to mention it, and one hopes the fund for Chinese medical aid will benefit, as is only just.

With fragments of Kipling's jolly song about the "lu-lu-loot" jigging in our mind, we fell to wondering whether a Loot Through the Ages Exhibition at Burlington House mightn't be a success. Big-scale looting in this country having begun, to all intents and purpose, with the dissolution of the Monasteries, the organisers might start there, especially since many of the most eminent families of England trace their rise from obscurity to that happy event. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were less spectacular, barring the good work of the Nabobs in India, but the nineteenth opens grandly with the theft of the Elgin Marbles from Greece, and continues with profitable returns at intervals, as little wars broke out, chiefly in the East, right up to the 1900's. There it stops, pro. tem., so far as we know. Nobody had much opportunity for loot in the Great War except the Germans, and our non-intervention policy has spoiled the Spanish civil war for a lot of people who can't sleep for wondering where all those gold chalices have gone. Just the thing for a cocktail-party they'd have been.

Makes a Change

WETTEST defence of 1938, so far, is that of a citizen charged with entering a lady's bedroom with intent to commit a felony, as they say, at 2 a.m., who was said to have confessed to a Jekyll-and-Hyde personality. Evidently he's never heard of Uncle Pirandello, who exploited the fact that some of us have about fifty-seven "personalities," let alone two. But the old-fashioned defence the citizen put up was inspired, he admitted, by a film of Stevenson's story. We saw it ourselves, and wondered why Dr. Hyde made all those grimaces when he saw the gorilla-hairs of Jekyll beginning to grow on his hands. If they'd been bird-of-Paradise feathers, we thought, he'd have had something to grimace about. There are times when we feel pure swansdown suddenly growing all down our back, and have to leap from the dinner-table to rush away and smack ourselves all over in a frenzy of fear and dismay. (Hostesses love this.)

The most Pirandellish character we know is A. G. Macdonell, who has 153 personalities, ranging in type from Tiny Tim to Caligula. One moment, for example, he is bending over a woman's hand, murmuring some exquisite polished quip, the next moment he is grinding his teeth and laying about on all sides with a bicycle-pump. On being asked what he thought of this curiously fascinating multiple personality, Pirandello replied with a wink: "It's Okay With Me (If You Think It Is)."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"That was my first husband—rather a dear"

Four Engagements

Yvonne Gregory

Miss Nanine Houstoun-Boswall

Lenare

Miss Mona Simpson

Nanine Houstoun-Boswall, daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Houstoun-Boswall, is going to Trinidad in April to marry Mr. W. O. Calvert, only son of the late Captain A. J. Calvert, Royal Scots Greys, and Mrs. Calvert

Mona Simpson is engaged to the Hon. Jock Leith, of Glenkindie, Aberdeenshire, son of the late Lord Burgh and Phyllis, Lady Burgh. She is the daughter of the late C. Simpson and Mrs. Simpson, of Bickenhall Mansions, W.1

Cecily Kathleen Sparrow is engaged to twenty-two-year-old Lord Avebury. She is the daughter of the late Dr. N. A. K. Sparrow and Mrs. Ormsby, of Bosworth House, Woodbridge, Suffolk

Marjory Biddulph, the Hon. Claud and Mrs. Biddulph's daughter, is engaged to Captain Philip Cripps, second son of Sir Frederick and Lady Cripps

Bassano

Miss Cecily Kathleen Sparrow

Bassano

Miss Marjory Biddulph

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 55

Lord Sempill

COLONEL LORD SEMPILL, nineteenth baron of that ilk, looks about thirty and is actually forty-four. Educated at Eton, he chose to be apprenticed to Rolls-Royce instead of going to the University. Soon he was flying box-kites and other early aeroplane contraptions, in which you saw the ground between your feet and in which you could not fly if there was not enough wind to make a licked finger feel cold. When war broke out, he joined the R.F.C., transferred to the R.N.A.S., and left the service as a Colonel (the wartime equivalent of a modern Group Captain). His interest in the engineering side of flying had full scope in 1921, when he was invited by the Japanese Government to polish up their naval air service—incidentally, he says that it is quite a myth that Japanese pilots get vertigo above 8000 feet. Soon we find him doing the same to the Greek naval air service, though the current revolution made it difficult to keep the curriculum up to schedule.

TO-DAY he is an extremely successful consultant on aeronautical engineering, called in continuously by foreign governments and big operating organisations on everything to do with aircraft. That is perhaps why Lord Sempill talks like a blue-print—level, cold, unemotional, careful. "Not a great number," he will say, "only comparatively few." He believes that the future of commercial aviation is likely to be affected to a great extent by the pending discovery of some new kind of towing device to improve the assisted launching of aircraft. At present all we have is that catapulting business from the decks of ships. Lord Sempill fancies something much more effective in the way of prepared concrete traps and a mechanism to increase the 30-lb. load per square foot of wing area to almost double this amount. He also expects a lot in future from compression ignition engines for long-distance work. But behind the cold-blooded scientist façade lies a passion for Bach, as written for the harpsichord and not heavily orchestrated (he himself can play the harp a bit); an admiration for Laurence Olivier, Eugene O'Neill, T. S. Elliot, Pirandello and Robert Speight; a certain knowledge of Gaelic; and a strong approval of sensible Scottish nationalism — with Scotland left to manage its own affairs and to participate in them: anyway in the machinations of the Imperial Parliament.

IN his day, Lord Sempill has had several narrow squeaks—landing on a water-logged Greek aerodrome with the machine falling on its back; being unconscious for thirty-eight days after a taxicab smash in Chicago. All told, he has flown nearly 9000 hours, still doing an average of 300 a year, and I bet he never once changed expression. Tight-lipped, cool, almost inhuman—that's how he seems to me—smiling carefully on occasion and all the time proving the old truism that still waters run very deep.

Charles Graves

Personalities (Press Service)

Three Priestley Heroines

Jean Forbes-Robertson, Jean Muir, and Patricia Hilliard were, until *People at Sea* came off, the three actresses playing lead in J. B. Priestley's three simultaneously-running plays. In *Time and the Conways* Jean Forbes-Robertson is the eager, sensitive girl whose clairvoyant dream shows her family as they will become and herself a bitter, disillusioned, unsuccessful journalist, a part that is the means by which Mr. Priestley turns the much-discussed "time theory" into a moving and intensely human play. In *People at Sea*, a melodrama with a derelict ship setting, Jean Muir, the American actress, played a hard-hearted drug-taking film star. And in *I Have Been Here Before*, Mr. Priestley's other time-theory play, generally considered the best of the trio and in fact, the best of all the new plays of last autumn's season, Patricia Hilliard is the young wife whose affair with another man gives Wilfred Lawson as her husband, occasion for a great piece of acting

Lenare

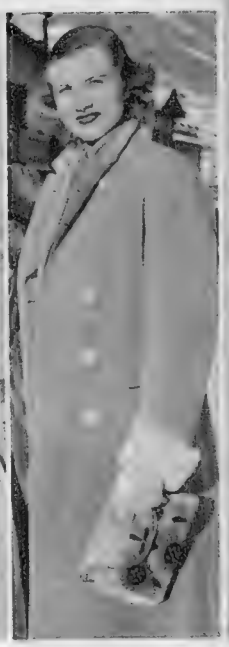
The Countess of Rosse and Her Son

Little Lord Oxmantown, christened William Clere Leonard Brendan Wilmer and known as William, is the heir to the Irish earldom of which his father is the sixth holder. He was born in October 1936. Lady Rosse was Mrs. Armstrong-Jones before her marriage in 1935, and is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Leonard Messel, of Nymans, Staplefield, Sussex, and sister of Oliver Messel, whose latest work for the stage is the lovely early-Victorian décor and dresses for *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Old Vic. Lord Rosse, who succeeded when he was twelve, when his father died of wounds in 1918, owns Birr Castle in King's County, a house in Yorkshire — Womersley House, near Doncaster—and also has a London house in Eaton Terrace; altogether his properties run to over twenty-six thousand acres

At Zermatt in the Valais

Mr. Morrison and Herr Seiler

Bryan Morrison, who wears the Ski Club Alpina badge, is an Englishman who lives near Montreux; Stefan Seiler is the son of Dr. Herman Seiler, Zermatt's hotelier king. They were photographed on the Riffelalp before the start of a race



Miss Luce

Janet Luce is one of the contingent of American girls from Geneva College who are wintersporting at Zermatt. She comes from New York

Mr. Peter Lunn

Mr. Arnold and Lady Mabel Lunn's ace-ski-er son is showing you something that may cause a revolution in ski-ing: aluminium-soled ski, which are much faster and never need waxing

Herr Otto Führer

Otto Führer is Zermatt's most famous instructor. He has held the Arlberg - Kandahar Cup three times and won the Downhill and Slalom in the 1932 world championships

Mlle. de Clermont and M. de Beauregard

Michaela de Clermont-Tonnerre and Comte Olivier Costa de Beauregard were waiting at the station to be taken to the heights. They are both wearing the badge of the Ski Club de Paris

Miss Ward

Virginia Ward is another of the American girls from Geneva College. She comes from Rochester, N.Y., and was outside the Hotel Cervinia

Miss Milbain and Mr. Ward

Susan Milbain, when in England, hunts with the North Cotswold; Philip Ward is a subaltern in the Gunners and comes from Derbyshire. They were both well scarfed but hardily bare-headed—the reports from Zermatt at that time were of intense cold

Parsennbahn View of Davos

As the train climbs from Davos-Dorf to Hohenweg, the first stop, the mountains opposite and their wooded slopes look like giant plum-puddings half-covered with brandy sauce. Some more railway views by Norman Parkinson are on the next two pages

SNOW HOLIDAY: No. 3. The Parsennbahn at Davos

Left: Hohenweg, the railway's only stop between Davos and the Weissfluhjoch, is also on the route of the standard Parsenn ski-run. The second part from here down is longer and harder than the top part

Right: this is what you can see, looking down over Davos, from the station platform at Hohenweg

At Hohenweg, Watching a Ski-er Start the Difficult Second Half of His Run

These pictures are the third set in the series of winter sports photographs taken for the "Bystander" by Norman Parkinson during his recent fourteen-day tour of Switzerland

Below: two trains on the Parsenn funicular were just going to pass each other on the loop above Hohenweg. The screens on the left are anti-drift contrivances and not, as you might think, to keep ski-ers off the line. The Davos-Parsenn railway has been much improved since last year and waiting outside that station on the right is practically a thing of the past. A hundred and forty passengers can now be loaded every twelve minutes instead of seventy

The Main Street of Davos

The Parsenn station where such hundreds of ski-ers have waited their turn is there on the right of the road

Back Stage at Drury Lane

The "Bystander" Visits London's Biggest Theatrical Machine at the Theatre Royal

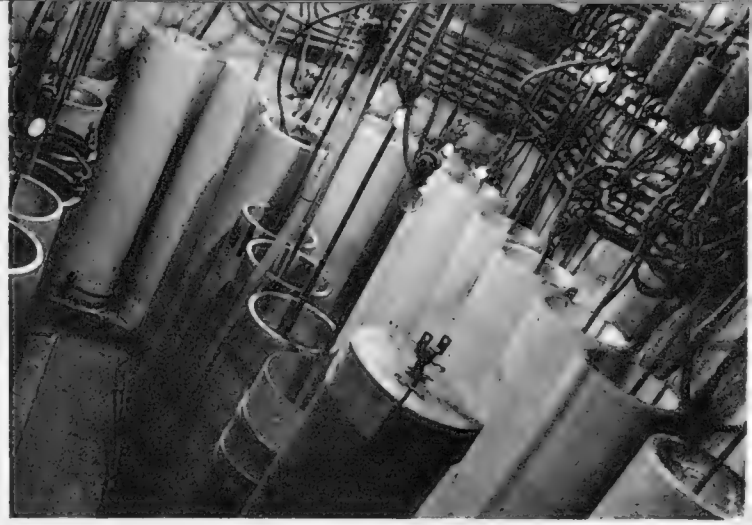
Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by John Everard

Drury Lane's scene-painting room, where a chunk of sky is here being produced, is the largest in London. Other theatre managers are often glad to hire it for their own scenery and the doors at the street end, as well as at the stage end, are big enough to let castle walls and rocky crags pass through. The big frames can be let down into the well not only so that the painter can reach his clouds without a ladder, but so that carpenters in a shop below can fix window frames and so on

The Stoke

Left: Percy Salloway is responsible for heating the Theatre Royal. He is stoker of two boilers like this

Right: these dimmers date from last century and work on the primitive but efficient principle of water as a resistance: they will take any current, whereas the modern coil resistances have to be specially wound. The plates are lowered or lifted in the jars by the wheels in the room above which Mr. Henry (below) is working



The Dimmers

Below: Mr. Leslie Henry controls the lights, working from a shorthand script that only he and his men can read. It takes them two weeks to memorise it. "We have a new one every day during rehearsals" Later he slipped down to the bar (q. v.)

Working the Dimmers

Hydraulic pumps raise or lower the centre two lifts of the stage; the others are newer and electric, but with them the lift remains horizontal — it cannot be tilted

The staff bar is for the refreshment of seventy permanent employees and two hundred more taken on when in production: no actors are allowed in. Barman Jim Shields presides over the barrels, the flowers in pots (collected from Covent Garden), the two well-used dart boards. A photograph of King George V. hangs over the clock

Right: Mr. F. G. H. Macrae, F.R.S.A., the chief engineer, is responsible for the smooth working of the machinery on this page

When the audience at Drury Lane sees the stage tilt like the deck of a sinking ship, sees liners transform themselves into battleships in full view, sees a mauve and golden glow change to the brilliance of filmic day, they may realise, if they are not too overpowered by the spectacle, that science, ingenuity and a disciplined crew of men are hard at work behind the scenes. Drury Lane's back-stage has been compared to the working parts of a ship. The vastness of it, the humming corridors with their fireproof doors and "No Smoking" notices, the trim machinery and the overalled crew silently at work, strongly give that impression. Here the audience takes its place with the passengers on a cruise — there to be amused (and to pay) but otherwise no part of the scheme. Ivor Novello's extravaganzas are put across by these technicians, not cynically, but nonchalantly, as so much voltage or pounds per square inch, like the men who mind the machines printing "world shattering" news or the girls who connect Cabinet Ministers' lines with Rome

Right: Michael Somes in the "Blue Bird" pas de deux

Anthony

Michael Somes

A Young Vic-Wells Dancer

Next week Michael Somes will take his first leading part in a new ballet at Sadler's Wells when *Horoscope*, in which he dances opposite Margot Fonteyn, is presented on the 27th. *Horoscope* is by Frederick Ashton to music specially composed by Constant Lambert, with dresses and décor by Sophie Fedorovich. Somes, who is only nineteen, has been with the Company for three years; he comes from Taunton and won a scholarship for free tuition in the Wells ballet school. He did his first solo work last season and has been seen in the *Blue Bird* pas de deux, the *Giselle* pas de deux and the lead in *Pomona*. He has strength, dramatic ability, and a really astonishing elevation (the end of *Les Patineurs* especially shows this), and he shows much promise in his classical work

1888 —a momentous year for mankind! It saw the introduction of the first practicable pneumatic tyre invented and made by John Boyd Dunlop - an invention destined to change the ways of man more radically than anything since he rolled his first wheel. Think how the Dunlop Tyre gave us speed with comfort, made the motor-car possible, eased labour on the land. It is no vain claim that much - very much of man's progress these past fifty years is due to DUNLOP TYRES - *of course, they are on your car*

1888 1938 DUNLOP 50 YEARS OF GROWTH

C.F.H.

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Enjoy Wills's Gold Flake

The Cigarette with Personality

Films of the Day

Crazy but Consistent

By George Campbell

If it were not already axiomatic that the average West End audience is practically imbecile, one fact would, I think, prove it. I mean its failure to appreciate Leslie Howard.

The West-Ender has been brought up, broadly speaking, on two schools of acting—the good old swagger-and-rant, and the modern slouch-and-mumble. Mr. Howard belongs to neither. He can speak poetry beautifully, as he proved in *Romeo and Juliet*, and he can put over the comedy of manners as hardly anybody else can. In Restoration comedy, in Sheridan, and in Maugham he would be magnificent. Won't some manager please give the West End just one more chance, richly undeserved?

Meanwhile, let's be thankful for a brilliant film. *It's Love I'm After* might easily have been embarrassingly silly; for the basic idea is familiar, the characters and situations absurd. What saves it, gives it life and gaiety and wit, is an unfailing sense of style. No sensible audience minds an initial improbability. You can start, if you like, with a bishop who wears only one gaiter and screams for help every time he sees a red-haired woman; but the rest of his behaviour must fit; the character, however improbable, however crazy, must be consistent; his reasoning must be true, as the lunatic's generally is, to the standards he has accepted.

It's Love I'm After has this essential truth. It is crazy; yet how much more plausible the people are than the people in (say) *The Divorce of Lady X*. The matinée idol pursued by adoring women, the romantic ingénue who hunts him down with the relentlessness and shamelessness of which only the very young and virtuous are capable, everybody's willingness to accept the hero's worst insults, most grotesque eccentricities, as proofs of a masterful spirit—there may be comic exaggeration here, but untruth, no. We have all met such people, seen such things happen. They leave us sighing for the things we ourselves can't get away with.

Mr. Howard plays the actor magnificently. Does he repent of his philandering and promise to turn over a new leaf? Then you feel he is sincere. Does he arrange to flirt repulsively with his friend's fiancée so that she may be cured once and for all of her folly? Then you know he is doing it, stout fellow, in the cause of friendship. Does he weaken under the assault of the young woman's charms and adoration? Well, after all, he is only human. Does he go back in the long run to the nice young actress who understands him and makes a habit of rescuing him from the importunate fair? Ah, you knew he was really faithful all along. Egotistic philanderer, watchful fiancée, adoring flapper—all very wild and very comic, of course, and everybody behaves *too* impossibly. But do they? Allowing for the short-circuiting of inhibitions, which is one of the functions of comedy, are they not all very like ourselves? That is the picture's charm.

"The Divorce of Lady X" is at once less wild and more improbable. The fog that keeps all the guests from leaving a fancy-dress ball at a Park Lane hotel, the manager's request that a brilliant young barrister should accommodate a number of strange young women in his suite—all this I can believe. As a first premise one can, as I said, believe anything—or, at any rate, suspend disbelief.

The subsequent goings-on that end in his being pushed out of his bedroom and sleeping on the floor, when he has only to call a waiter to have the second bed moved into the sitting-room—this I don't quite believe; and of the rest, including his acceptance of Merle Oberon, more girlish than ever, as a notorious woman with four marriages and a few affaires to her discredit, I believe nothing at all.

Others seem to find no such difficulty. On the first night, in aid of charity, the Technicolor was justly admired, shots of the hunting scenes and Miss Oberon's frocks were repeatedly applauded, and the comedy (too much of which depended on seeing the actors laugh archly at each other) went to a continuous ripple of laughter. Miss Oberon's beauty and charm, Ralph Richardson's delightful study of a bibulous peer, and the richness of Alexander Korda's production—here I could agree with the majority, and I was left in no doubt at all that *The Divorce of Lady X* will be a success.

So, if I am any judge, will be *South Riding* and *Smash and Grab*. In *South Riding* Victor Saville lets himself go on a serious study of English provincial life, full of drama and shrewdly-observed comedy, both painted with rich, almost Hogarthian gusto. Ralph Richardson gives a subtle study of the local squire struggling with new forces, honest and corrupt; Milton Rosmer and Edmund Gwenn are outstandingly good as the crooked councillors; and Edna Best, Ann Todd, Marie Löhr, John Clements, and a brilliant child-actress, Glynis Johns, as clever in her way as the little horror in *These Three*, all give flawless performances.

In *Smash and Grab*, for the first time, Jack Buchanan plays a straight part, sans song and sans dance. In these days, when only an Astaire can get away with dance, I think he is wise to abstain. Comedy and melodrama are neatly mixed, and there are many exciting moments before Mr. Buchanan and Miss Randolph hunt down the crooks, played menacingly by Edmund Willard and David Burns, and quite brilliantly by Anthony Holles.

Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson and Laurence Olivier in Technicolor

Merle Oberon and her dresses are very lovely in Korda's "Divorce of Lady X," her first in technicolor. Despite an improbable story, the film is tipped as excellent box-office. It is at the Odeon

Ralph Richardson makes one of the best parts in "The Divorce of Lady X": he plays a bibulous peer here attempting to explain, for divorce purposes, how his wife (supposed) spent a night with a man. Laurence Olivier is the man in question, that is why he looks so wary here

"Bystander" Short Story No. 122

Smile As You Go

By Basil Collier

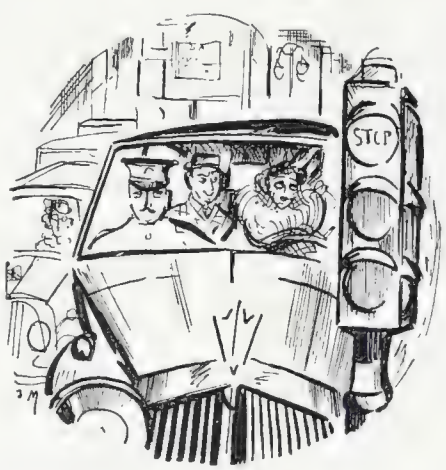
Decorations by Jack Miller

HENRY HUMMINGBIRD, a young man of twenty-two, extremely shy and lonely, who was studying to be a mining engineer and lived at Earl's Court, saw a notice pasted up outside a church which said: "SMILE AS YOU GO ABOUT YOUR DAILY BUSINESS, FOR A SMILE WILL NEVER BE RESENTED." Henry thought this was a good idea, and might do something for his loneliness. He resolved to put it into practice. Having occasion to buy some cigarettes, he went into a tobacconist's shop, smiling in what he conceived to be a taking manner. The face of the girl behind the counter, which was a very pretty face, became extremely animated as he entered. Henry smiled still more widely and gave his order.

"Lovely day," he added, very daringly.

"Sixpence, please," said the young lady, with an air of impatience.

Cast down, Henry turned to go, and discovered at his back a young man of sickeningly handsome and distinguished appearance, by whom the animation he had noticed had evidently been called forth. Very humbled, Henry left the shop, still none the less invincibly determined to present an ingratiating demeanour to the world. Despite this admirable intention, his actual appearance rather resembled that of an embarrassed hake. A large car was drawn up by the pavement, a little in front of him. As he approached this vehicle, a woman with flashing eyes, and dressed in expensive furs, leaned from it, encountered Henry's grimace with a smile of the most evident falsity, and remarked with a foreign accent:



"Humming bird."

"Quite right," said Henry, nodding mechanically, though disconcerted. "But what . . . ?"

"Spik no English," replied the lady, motioning him to enter the car. Failing to understand that this was not an adjuration but a confession, Henry, who was acquainted with no language but his own, got into the car without a word. The chauffeur set the vehicle in motion. Henry went on smiling to conceal his nervousness. The car proceeded rapidly through a tangle of streets, and soon reached a part of London with which Henry was not familiar. He glanced covertly at the alarmingly handsome woman beside him, wondering what was expected of him. Should he—dare he—press her hand? Perhaps he should, but in any case he dare not. Presently they came to a sparsely-populated neighbourhood, situated on what appeared to be the outskirts of the town. The car turned in through an imposing gateway and stopped outside a large house. The chauffeur jumped down and held the door open.

Henry got out, because it seemed to be the only thing to do, and handed out the lady, who hurried past him into the house. Henry, curious though timid, followed. Two men of sinister appearance met them in the hall.

"Humming bird?" said one of them to Henry.

"That 's right," replied Henry. "But look here——"

Before he could say more, the other man, who wore a beard, began to speak rapidly and loudly in a foreign language. The woman answered him, apparently in the same tongue. Directly she ceased speaking, Henry and the man who had said "Humming bird?" to him spoke together.

"Look here——" said Henry.

"What does she say?" said the other man, who had a louder voice than Henry's.

"I ask her, 'Is this the right man?'" said the man with the beard. "She answer, he come smiling, she smile, she give the password, he nod, he come with her."

"Of course he 's the right man," said the other. "Why shouldn't he be the right man? He answered to the password, didn't he?"

"It is nothing," answered the bearded man, shrugging his shoulders. "I think him too young. I ask her, is she sure it is he? She say Yes. It is sufficient."

"Why, of course it 's the right man," said the first speaker, again drowning Henry's protest. "Well, I must be getting along now. No time to lose. I 'll leave you to deal with this gentleman," he added, turning to Henry. "So long, you two. See you—you know where." He completed the sentence with a grin, and, turning his back on them, went quickly down the steps and entered the car, which was driven rapidly away.

"But I 'm *not* the right man!" said Henry.

"What do I say! What do I say!" cried the bearded man, throwing up his hands in mingled triumph and despair. "Who are you, then?" he demanded of Henry.

"I don't know. I mean, my name 's Hummingbird. Who do you expect me to be?"

The man and woman exchanged a series of animated observations, unintelligible to Henry.

"You are sure? You are certain? You are sure you are not the right man?" said the man at last to Henry.

"How can I be sure? If I don't know who you expect me to be, how can I be certain whether I 'm the man I 'm supposed to be?" demanded Henry, very reasonably.

The woman began to speak excitedly. The man appeared to be arguing with her. Henry edged tentatively towards the door.

"Excuse it! Please excuse it!" cried the bearded man, before he had reached it. "There is a mistake. A small mistake. My friend take you for another. If you will listen, if you will be so kind to come this way, we sit down together, we talk in comfort, I explain everything. If you will be so kind!"

He smiled amiably. The woman bestowed a seductive glance on Henry, who edged back again. "If you will come this way," repeated the man, opening a door at the back of the hall, and standing on one side for Henry to enter. Henry looked round for the lady, but she had already disappeared. "In a moment she join us," explained the man, divining his thought. "If you will enter . . . ?"

Henry hesitated. The man stepped back further, holding the door open with outstretched arm, and smiled politely. Henry stepped into the room. The door was immediately slammed shut and locked behind him.

He found himself in a large room, substantially furnished. A window at the back looked on to a garden, and, beyond it, over an expanse of grassland dotted with clumps of trees and bushes and looking like some sort of heath or common. Henry rattled the door-handle, banged on the door, and called out, all with no effect. He heard vague sounds of footsteps and voices, evidently those of the woman and the bearded man. He thought he should try shouting as loudly as he could, but the sound of his first efforts made him feel so extremely foolish that he soon desisted. After about half an hour the

(*Concluded on page* x)

Snapshots for the Family Album

Mrs. King-Fane and Angela

Mrs. Charles King-Fane has an engaging daughter, Angela. She is the eldest daughter of the Dean of Rochester, the Rt. Rev. Ernest Blackie (formerly Bishop of Grantham), and married the third son of Colonel William King-Fane, the Squire of Fulbeck, Lincolnshire

Mrs. Senior and Susan

The Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior pushes Susan to the Park. She is the eldest daughter of Lord Joicey, was married in 1932 and Susan is her only child. The Seniors have recently moved into Egerton Place

Mrs. Morogh Bernard and Maria

The Hon. Mrs. Morogh Bernard has a three-year-old daughter called Josèphine Maria Jane. Her husband is a house decorator; their own house is a Regency one in Maida Vale; their neighbours include the Peter Rodds. Mrs. Bernard is Lord Melville's sister

Mrs. Philippi and Robert and Georgina

Mrs. George Philippi was photographed with her son and daughter on the terrace at Crawley Court near Winchester. A talented artist, she has done charming pastels, also oil paintings of her children. Mrs. Philippi was Elita de Bittencourt and is Lady Lisburne's sister

Mrs. Reginald Duthy and Fiona

Mrs. Reginald Duthy's daughter, Fiona, will be two in the spring. Since their marriage four years ago the Duthys have lived in Budapest, and Fiona has one Hungarian godmother—another is Lady Vernon. Mrs. Duthy was "Bee" Bailey; her younger sister is Mrs. Michael Gold

Golf Clubs at Home

Oxhey, Herts.

The Oxhey Golf Club was founded in 1910. It is not far from Watford, and a neighbour of both Sandy Lodge and Moor Park. It is a spacious course, with a few trees which give it a park-type appearance. Some sand in the subsoil and surface has been cleverly used for natural bunkering. The total length is 6479 yards

(1) John Cowan (captain). (2) Tudwal Jones and E. F. Dunning-White. (3) P. L. Smith (ex-captain). (4) G. G. D. Carter. (5) Major S. R. St. L. Blakeney (assistant secretary) and C. K. Cotton (secretary). (6) D. M. Keith. (7) Ferguson Sinclair (committee). (8) A. I'ons. (9) C. F. G. Henshaw, F. L. Darke, W. H. Anderson. (10) C. E. Ruault, H. E. Robertson, S. F. Wylie, H. Howard

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The President's Putter

SEVENTY members of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society entered for the President's Putter this year, but fortunately there were sufficient scratchings to reduce the number of starters to less than sixty-four, and thus enable the tournament, by adjusting the draw, to be completed in three days.

It was very pleasant to see André Vagliano playing in this tournament once more; that he has not lost his cunning was obvious from the fact that he defeated an English international player in the first round, and from his success in the Fathers and Daughters tournament at the West Sussex Golf Club last year, with his daughter Lally. Mlle. Lally soon after this success won the Girls' Championship, which really was hardly surprising, considering that both her father and mother are international golfers.

Vagliano has done a tremendous amount of work for the benefit of the game of golf in France, and has, besides acting in an administrative capacity, won both the French Open Amateur Championship and the French Close Amateur Championship. He is bringing a French team to play some matches in England next March.

THERE were several notable absentees from the President's Putter tournament this year, including Bernard Darwin, who, according to himself, had gone in both the back and legs. I am sure that golfers all over the world will hope with me that these afflictions are purely temporary, and that very soon he will come back in the back and legs; it will indeed be a real calamity if we are never again to hear Darwin play golf. It is great fun watching Cyril Tolley playing well, but it is even greater fun watching Darwin play on an important occasion, and it is even more fun when he is not quite at the top of his game than when he is playing well.

Captain A. G. Pearson, D.S.O., could not play because he had been kicked by a mule on the island of Madeira and the right shin. Captain Pearson is always having his leg pulled about his short back-swing, and his friends often make rude remarks like "Sticks" when he hits his tee-shots. This year when one of his friends was throwing stones at his swing, he certainly scored a point by remarking: "If you were not such a fool, you would realise that Henry Cotton has copied my swing."

A. J. Evans, who reached the final in 1932 and 1935, could not play because he was working, and Humphrey Ellis because he had business to attend to, excuses which I do not think would be tolerated in America. Henry Longhurst was sliding down slopes in Switzerland.

However, even if all these illustrious absentees had been able to play, I do not think that the result would have been any different.

TOLLEY reached the final no less than seventeen years ago, and was then the first member in residence at either Oxford or Cambridge to do so; since then he has played in the final three times. He lost two finals to E. W. E. Holderness, and one to Sir Ernest Holderness, who was never quite such a good golfer as E. W. E. Strangely enough, Tolley won this year by defeating in the final the second member in residence to run up in this tournament, namely, K. B. Scott, the present captain of golf at Oxford.

It is difficult to overpraise Scott's performance; on his way to the final, he was never called upon to play the last two holes, and included among his victims such good players as E. F. Storey, who shared the Putter with Roger Wethered in 1926, when darkness stopped play, and Major W. H. H. Aitken, who reached the final in 1936.

Scott's task in the final cannot have been made any easier by the knowledge that every man, woman and dog present, except those named Scott, clearly wanted Tolley to win, but even Tolley's most enthusiastic supporters could not help being filled with admiration of Scott's play and courage.

TOLLEY started the final with 3, 4, 3, 3, a start which might easily have broken the heart of the most experienced player, and was three up. Scott would have only been one down at this stage if he had not taken three shots on the third and fourth greens.

At the third hole, which measures 342 yards, both players were on the green, past the pin, with their tee shots, which is certainly one more argument in support of those who consider that the present ball goes much too far. The wind was from the right to left, and slightly assisting the players, but against this, the fairway was slow after heavy rain the previous night, the air was heavy, and there is a steep slope against the player just short of the green. It is nowadays very, very difficult to design golf holes which supply interesting shots to players who hit the ball as far as Tolley and Scott, and also to the ordinary club member.

To be three down after four holes, and then to take a player like Tolley to the eighteenth green before surrendering, is certainly a feat of which any golfer has every right to be proud, and for a young undergraduate to do so is bordering on the miraculous; it was only done by a remarkable exhibition of golfing skill and perfect golfing temperament. Scott was finally round in an approximate score of 74, which was really better than it looks, as it included a six at the seventh hole and three shots on two greens, and was a wonderful score for a final on a course like Rye with a strong westerly wind blowing.

I HAVE departed from the usual procedure of writing all about the winner, and have written something about the loser for a change. You will no doubt have read in other papers how well Tolley played.

I shall be very surprised if it takes Scott seventeen years to earn the right to hang a ball on the Putter, as it did Tolley.

Tolley played as well as he has ever played: he was round in approximately 72 in the final, including one shot "out of bounds" and three putts on two occasions. With Gerald Russell as his partner, he also won the Croome Shield with the tremendous score of seventy—a score which has never been beaten at Rye—and thus became the first man to win both this trophy and the Putter in the same year.

THE players took two hours and twenty minutes to play the eighteen holes of the final, and were continually delayed while the crowd and stewards were removed from the line of play. Will other golfers, especially those who play in championships and those who play in front of me on Saturdays and Sundays, please note this fact?

The President's Putter and a Group of Potentates

John Beck, beaten by Frank Pennink in the second round, was taking a last grip on the Putter after his year's tenure. The others also look respectfully towards the trophy of Rye's battle, except semi-finalist L. G. Crawley and Bernard Darwin. Kenneth Scott, the runner-up, is on the left, next to him, C. J. H. Tolley, the winner. The other two are Dale Bourn and Pennink

Hunting and Steeplechasing

Some Meets and a Race Meeting

The Duchess of Marlborough and Her Family

When the Heythrop met at Blenheim Palace, the Duchess of Marlborough walked out with her four children, who were all going to hunt—Lady Caroline and Lady Rosemary Churchill on her right, Lady Sarah Churchill, the eldest, and Lord Blandford on her left

The Heythrop

The Duchess of Beaufort

The Duchess of Beaufort, whose husband is Master of the Beaufort, was out with the Quorn when they met at Frisby and chose a good day to visit them, as they had some excellent and very fast hunting

Col. Gretton and Two Grandchildren

Sarah Brook and Julia Floyd were photographed with their grandfather, Colonel John Gretton, M.P., when the Cottesmore met at his house at Melton Mowbray, Stapleford Park. Their mothers are Mrs. Edward Brook and Lady Floyd

Mrs. Mills and Captain Rollo

Move Off After Their Meet at Blenheim Palace

Paddock Interlude—Front View

Mrs. Carlos Clarke and Miss Marian Davies were at the last Gatwick meeting, both in halo hats and enviable fur coats, the latter's with an attractive large fluted collar

Paddock Interlude—Back View

Another Gatwick snapshot—of the Hon. Mrs. Dermot Daly (Nan McGowan that was) and Mrs. "Bill" Eykin

The Heythrop had a good day after their meet at Blenheim Palace, and killed a fox in the park before going further afield

Left: Mrs. Charles Mills and Captain Rollo were at the Cottesmore meet at Stapleford Park

And so was the Hon. Mrs. Mountjoy Fane (right), who had her two children with her, Daphne, aged eight, and Tony, who is two years older. Mrs. Fane's husband is Lord Westmorland's brother

Lady Angela and the Hon. John Pepys

were at the Gatwick meeting two days before her great-uncle, Lord Abergavenny, was killed out hunting. Her father, Major Guy Larnach-Nevill, succeeds to the title as fourth Marquess of Abergavenny. Lady Angela Pepys' husband is Lord Cottenham's brother

Howard Marshall on Sport

Polo Players in India: the Jaipur Team

The Maharajah of Jaipur (right) captained his team in the final of the Indian Polo Championship; they met Bhopal in a fast and exciting match at Calcutta, and carried off the cup seen here by 4 goals to 3

Ski-ers in Switzerland

Miss E. Dobson, Miss Harrison and Miss Isabel Roe were photographed before racing for the British Women's Ski Championship at Mürren. Miss Roe won it, coming first in both Slalom and Downhill; Miss Harrison was third

NEXT Friday Tommy Farr takes his crack at ex-world champion Jimmy Braddock. It should be a good fight, and Max Baer has prophesied that Braddock will win.

Just why the ebullient Max should take this contrary line no one knows. Max has reason to respect Braddock's left hand, which jolted him so amazingly out of the Championship three years ago. He has also had more recent and no less humiliating experience of Farr's ability.

Braddock, by pugilistic reckoning, is an elderly gentleman. His legs are not what they were. He cannot really expect to beat Farr, and if he did surprise us all it would be a nasty shock to promoter Mike Jacob's plans.

The news-hawks in America are spinning all sorts of pleasant fairy-tales about Farr. He is said to be contemplating marriage with a New York heiress. They hang this story on most British boxers. I wonder Farr even bothered to deny it. Women are alleged to be fighting in restaurants over his merits as a pugilist. Farr did not deny that, but accepted it as a very proper tribute. And beneath all the bally-hoo I have no doubt he remains the same level-headed, canny young man, taking his job seriously, and preparing himself to belt the daylight out of all and sundry. Good luck to him, anyhow.

Oarsmen in England

Cambridge's new coach, Mr. D. H. E. McCowen, a Pembroke man, was having a talk at Baitsbite Lock with A. Burrough, secretary, and T. B. Langton, president, both from Jesus. The latter has his sweater on inside-out

IN the meanwhile Ben Foord is also taking his job seriously, and well he might, for the prospect of fighting Boxkampfmeister Schmeling is hardly my idea of a Sunday afternoon's amusement. Still, each man to his taste, and if Schmeling's right hook is like the crack of doom, Foord packs a pretty wallop, too. It will, indeed, be wallop, wallop all the way, with the odds on Schmeling, and I hope to be in Hamburg to see it.

THE rumours about Jack Petersen's return to the ring need not, I think, be taken too seriously. He is supposed to have turned down an offer of £20,000, and if this is true I don't blame him. He was a fine fighter, one of the gamest we have ever had, and he made enough money to retire in comfort when he had serious trouble with his eyes. Why should he risk blindness now for a sum of money which, after all, is not so very large, income-tax and expenses considered?

Petersen has hung up his gloves. Far better to leave them on the wall. With the boxing champion it is the same as with all other athletes. They can't come back. For my part, I should hate to see Petersen fighting again, knowing that he was endangering his eyes.

It's a hard and merciless game, boxing, with little room in it for sentiment. We recall the triumphs, but we forget the tragedies—men who once heard the roar of an approving crowd, and now are punch-drunk, or blind, or broken.

IT is a relief, perhaps, to turn to a sport less elemental—lawn tennis, for example, though even here we find Miss Kay Stammers saying of British players: "We don't hate our opponents as we should."

There is truth in that, up to a point. We don't hate our opponents, to be sure. Whether we should is another matter. I am not taking Miss Stammers too seriously. What she meant is clear enough. We set about our games too amiably.

We even cherish, with the oddest persistence, an antediluvian notion that it is possible to enjoy ourselves on a tennis court or a cricket field. And how wrong we are! We shall never win matches like that. And to win, of course, is the only reason why we ever play games. Serious, worth-while games, that is. Championship tennis and international football, for example. Games where the result is so very, very important that the newspapers give it head-lines. Games which involve our national status as a World Power.

I DWELL upon this because the authorities who rule one of our great games have been reactionary enough to say that they will insist on their chosen players observing the spirit and intention of the laws, even at the risk of losing every international match. Never mind which authorities of which game have shown themselves to be so much at variance with the modern sporting ethic. We shall hear more about it eventually.

In the meanwhile I think this gesture is both exciting and significant. Said George Borrow, writing of signs and portents: "Listen to the moaning of the wind in the tree at whose root thy hut is fastened"—a saying, that, of wild Finland, in which there is wisdom. I listened, and thought of

(Concluded on page 108)

This England . . .

Ashridge Park—Herts.

HE who plants an avenue of trees cannot, in the nature of things, hope to enjoy them in their grandeur — he plants them for England. Much that we have, and prize, to-day comes of that attitude in our fathers. They did not make or build "to last their time," but rather that something worthy should mark their passage; their good live after them. We, too, must keep this tradition of the thing well made, that our children's children may be beholden to us. Even in simple matters it can be done; are we not beholden to some centuries of careful, craft-proud men that such a daily need as Worthington is so superbly filled?

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Flying-Boats Over the Sea

By Charles Ward

The control-room of "Caledonia" a modern air-liner, one of those specially equipped for Trans-atlantic crossings. The picture was taken whilst compasses were being swung on Southampton Water

The Last Air Stages

An air route completely encircling the world has been the dream of pioneers ever since such a possibility for the aeroplane was appreciated. The last link in the mail route from the United States to New Zealand has been flown, though, unhappily, not without accident to an American flying-boat and its crew. At present, Pan American Airways is working alone across the Pacific, and Imperial Airways is unlikely to have boats or crew available for joint operation until next year or even 1940. The airway across Canada is still to be established as a going concern. The aerodromes are ready, but they need radio and beacons and floodlights and the whole network of weather stations, without which safe day and night flying in all weathers is impossible. In the Pacific, there are several British-owned islands that will be useful as refuelling depots and emergency landing-places between New Zealand, Australia and Honolulu, where American and our own interests will have joint facilities.

Faster to India and Malaya

From February 23rd, all first-class mail on this route from England will be carried by air free of surcharge—three-half-pence for half an ounce. This means an acceleration of a week at least, and to many places, of a fortnight in delivery time. There are to be four flying-boat departures from Southampton every week to India, two of which will go right through to Singapore. Between Egypt and Calcutta, supplementary land-planes will cope with local mails. The long-awaited "Ensign" liners from Armstrongs are intended to assist on this route. To the Cape—or, rather, on the African line generally—Imperial Airways is carrying ten times the load of mail that was offered when the surcharge was in force. New feeder-lines are being planned in Africa by the Portuguese Government. From Beira, 1500 miles across the continent to Angola on the Atlantic coast; from Lourenço Marques northwards to Mozambique and south to Johannesburg. Lourenço Marques has been for many years the nearest seaside resort by rail to the gold-mining area of the Rand. The Polana Hotel, one of the finest in Africa, and the Casino were financed largely by Johannesburg millionaires, and supported by tired business men from the Union who needed the sort of relaxation one finds more easily in a Latin country. An air line will add still further to the amenities. The Portuguese company has bought two de Havilland Rapides, a Dragonfly, and a Hornet Moth to inaugurate the first services, and the 'planes have already surveyed the three routes. Beira is, of course, still linked with Rhodesia; there is a French line from Madagascar across Portuguese East to the Congo; and Imperial Airways flying-boats use Beira on their way from Durban to Mombasa.

Flight-Lieut. Christopher Staniland puts a Fairey "Battle" into low gear whilst posing for a photograph. The "Battle" flies at 300 miles an hour, and is engined by Rolls-Royce. Note the shadow-shading

Airport Owners

Although one cannot anticipate the proceedings at the conference which opens to-day, the Aerodrome Owners' Association will no doubt press the Government for more tangible support. Many towns have established aerodromes, only to find that no encouragement has been given to air-line operators to use them. Much planning is still needed, and a great deal of ground equipment, before flying over England becomes a commercial proposition. Lord Londonderry is President of the Association, and a very fitting intermediary between the Air Ministry, at which he presided as Secretary of State for four years, and those who have spent money to provide the country with its civil air-stations, all of which are needed for trade or for training pilots who would be valuable in a national emergency.

Twenty-Five Years

Last week one of the pioneer firms in the industry celebrated its twenty-fifth year of incorporation—A. V. Roe, of Manchester. At one time, Avro aircraft were in use in every country where flying took place. The 504 was the finest training machine from the early days of aviation, right through the European War, and until the light 'plane, as we know it to-day, came into being. The famous Avro triplane, on which A. V. Roe flew in 1909, using only 9 horse-power, has a place of honour in the Science Museum. The firm produced the first cabin monoplane in 1912, and, incredible as it may seem to present-day pilots who have watched those slow Avros trailing banners over London, substantially the same Avro, only much slower, was used to destroy a Zeppelin in May 1915, and a flight of them bombed the airship sheds at Friedrichshafen in November 1914. Towards the end of the war, seventy Avro aircraft a week were being produced in Manchester—no mean total judged by present standards. Avros financed many joy-riding pilots early in 1919, and Bert Hinkler, for many years test pilot to the firm, made his name on the Avro "Baby."

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

JAN. 2ND I and my wife to church. A poor sermon from Mr. Holmes during the which I fell to wondering whether to buy myself a motor-carriage; which my wife presses me to do, but she hath as little knowledge of the costliness of motor-carriages as I of their wheeles and screwes and inward pipes. Coming home we met Mr. Bullen, wearied out with hurried walking. And, I inviting him back with us, we set before him a sparkling great glass of Schweppes Ginger Ale. And the refreshment of that notable drink did so calm and cheer him that he fell to a rambling long discourse. So that we were hard put to it to be rid of him before he had swallowed all our stock of Schweppes (which, it being the Lord's Day, we could not replenish)!

BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

The Finalists at Dulwich

Their names are Peter Hare, Muriel Harris, Jean Nicoll, Geoffrey Emmett. Emmett, already Junior Champion, beat Charles Hare's younger brother, 6—2, 6—1; Jean Nicoll, who is only fifteen, won the girls' title

Howard Marshall on Sport *(Continued from page 104)*

" life and death." And if you think that a trifle serious-minded, remember body-line, and the Rugby split between France and the home unions, and many another small matter.

WE shall soon be worrying, incidentally, about the composition of the British Rugby team which is to tour South Africa next summer. The details of the visit have just been fixed up, and our players will do more than a little travelling.

I only hope that we shall be able to send a really representative side. Since W. E. Maclagan took the first British team to South Africa in 1891, and came back with all 19 matches won, and 224 points scored against South Africa's 1 (a try equalled one point at that date) since then our record has grown progressively worse. On our last tour in 1924 out of 21 matches we won only 9, and Rugby football was flourishing over here at that period.

The trouble is that so many of our best players cannot make the journey, and just now the Springboks can turn out probably the greatest team in the world, if we may judge by their recent performances in New Zealand.

TO put up any sort of show we should have to send our strongest side. Even then South Africa would probably beat us by ten or fifteen points. It will be disastrous if we can only collect a second-rate lot of players. Far better, in my opinion, to scratch the tour now, if there is any doubt whatever about key men like Cliff Jones and Wooller.

A beating does not matter. We can take that, and I fancy we shall get it, anyway, though a really representative side would manage to go down fighting. What we cannot risk is a rout. To lose by thirty or forty points would be a poor compliment to South Africa. And the repercussions on Dominion Rugby relations would not be exactly helpful. Our strongest side, or none at all, that should be our slogan.

Some of the Field at Rye

S. Mays Smith and R. Hartley are on each side of G. L. Mellin, the honorary secretary of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, which runs the meeting at Rye. Smith lost to Hartley in the first round

Major W. H. H. Aitken was another competitor for the President's Putter: he reached the fourth round to fall to Kenneth Scott

Into the Sun

By Eleanor E. Helme

DATES TO REMEMBER

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8TH: L.G.U. Dinner at Grosvenor House.
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH: L.G.U. Annual Meeting.

DEAR BYSTANDER—

IT is about time that another date was made a note of, as well as the important L.G.U. ones above—which, of course, are correctly stated here, and are not due in the preceding week. This other date is March 17th, when Monte Carlo, no less, is to be the scene of a new annual foursome competition for two cups presented by the BYSTANDER. It will be open to members of any recognised golf club, with freedom to choose partners and arrange opponents, provided competitors notify the secretary of the Monte Carlo Club at the time of entry. There is a handicap limit of 30 for the ladies, 18 for the men, and handicap certificates must be sent with the entry, reaching the secretary by 5 p.m. on March 16th, but there is no entrance or green fee, only an optional sweepstake of 50 francs per couple.

All this sounds to me the best of fun. I have never seen any of the Riviera competitions, for BYSTANDER cups or others, but the thought of sun and warmth is, at the moment of writing, distinctly pleasant. I have a notion that if I were to look out into the night, the stars would be shining, just as the fire burns, like frost; the only alternative, with the barometer where it is, would appear to be a gale. Possibly we shall have both. In either case I sincerely hope not to play golf until something a little more genial offers in the way of weather conditions.

WHICH, on the whole, would you choose, if choice were of any effect—excessive heat or excessive cold, with a big match to play? Did I hear a murmur of " how excessive "? I suppose there is a limit in both cases to what the human frame will stand on the golf course: there were once Midland Foursomes when players and caddies had to be carried back to the club-house in a state of collapse from cold, but I never seem to have heard of a competitor fainting, or even withdrawing, from sunstroke. Without going to such lengths as that, I should say that cold is more destructive of one's game than heat: the numb fingers and toes, insensitive to all directions of the brain; the clothes-encumbered shoulders which vainly try to get through after the ball—these are surely worse handicaps than the lassitude induced by oppressive heat, even by dripping palms. Sheer determination can make an uncomfortably hot golfer go on trying, but no power on earth can help a benumbed one to swing.

I HAVE been trying to recall the most impossible weather conditions in which it has ever been my lot to play, or to watch other people play. Machrihanish, and the semi-finals of the 1927 Scottish Championship stand out, for sheer impossibility. For nearly a fortnight we had been basking in sun, first for *Eve's* Scottish Foursomes, and then for the earlier rounds of the Scottish Championship. Then, when the semi-finals were played, it rained and blew so that the stoutest leather coat, plus the best mackintosh, was saturated before a hole was over, and the force of the wind was so great that golf was an utter farce; the final, due for the afternoon, was postponed, and the Championship consoled itself with an impromptu fancy dress dance and congratulating Miss Helen Gray on her just-announced engagement to Mr. Andrew Holm.

For rain, of course, the second day in the English at Birkdale in 1935 took some beating; never before had I seen competitors scratch who had survived one round and were in process of winning another. And nobody blamed them. Even the awful weather of the long-drawn-out final was a picnic compared with that.

IF cold comes into the question, I have a horribly vivid recollection of hearing Mrs. Newton's teeth chatter as she walked up the fifteenth at Royal Lytham and St. Annes, when she and Mrs. Barbour won the BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes. Yet even that cold was not so cruel as the blizzard in the Northern Foursomes, at Alwoodley, when Miss Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw won.

Undue heat seems less prevalent. There was an exhibition match at Bramley the summer before last which was pretty fierce: I seem to remember being uncomfortably hot at the French at Fontainbleau in 1921; at this moment it is distinctly pleasant to recall those fragrant pine-woods, and the little green lizards sunning themselves on the grey rocks.

AND for sheer perfection of weather? There comes back to me a November morning of county finals at St. George's, Sandwich. It may have been that I was playing top for Surrey, and had escaped from the toils of an office to do so, but verily do I believe that never has Pegwell Bay looked so blue, nor the sun shone so sweetly, nor have larks sung so outrageously, as if to make mock of the calendar. I have a photograph which proves we played in our shirt-sleeves. Who says England is a poor place when it supplies, even occasionally, a day like that?

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

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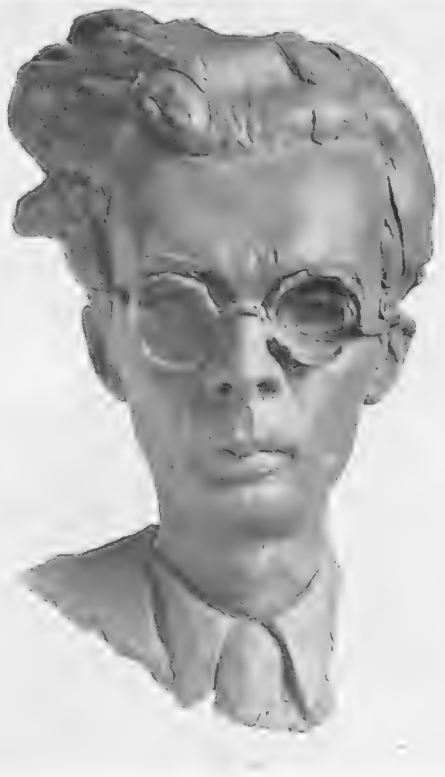
The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Somerset Maugham on the Senselessness of Life : By Alan Thomas

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM has rounded off his life work. Happily, this does not mean that he has written his last book—which, indeed, would be bad news. All it means is that, in accordance with the pattern which he set himself to make of life, he has chosen this time, when in the ordinary course of things he can no longer think of his end as utterly remote, to sort out his thoughts, to tell himself—and his readers—where he stands. He calls his book *The Summing Up* (Heinemann ; 10*s.* 6*d.*). It is not an autobiography ; nor is it a volume of recollections. It is a clear, concise and coherent recapitulation of his opinions and feelings, and a statement of what he thinks about life in general. Outside a little sphere of intimacy into which we do not enter, he tells us all about himself ; and though in what he has to say there is much that is of captivating interest, yet there seems to be little that is unexpected. One had guessed already, for instance, that Mr. Maugham was not the sort of man to strike up a conversation in a railway-carriage full of strangers : he will observe them and will probably write about them ; but he will not, if he can help it, talk to them. Writing to him has been the all-in-all ; and though the sight of so much misery and injustice in the world may at times have stirred his conscience a little, he has been content to get on with his own job in the knowledge that being what he is he could do no other. In the latter part of the book he surveys life in its wider aspects : he is—one almost knew it already—an agnostic. Life on the whole he is tempted to find pretty meaningless. Truth and Beauty have no intrinsic value : Goodness alone seems to have any claim to be an end in itself. His final conclusion of all, in the words of Fray Luis de Leon, is "that each should act in conformity with his nature and his business." All of which is to suggest that cakes and ale are a prelude to very little more than dust and ashes. When Mr. Maugham talks—as he does passim in this volume—about writing, drama and the arts, there is much that the professional author, playwright and critic will do well to take to heart.

ANOTHER leviathan has reached us from America. Over there it seems to have swept the continent from one end to the other ; and here in England I have no doubt it will be very popular. The title of it is *North-West Passage* (Collins ; 9*s.* 6*d.*). The author, Kenneth Roberts, has chosen as a leitmotif the spirit of adventure, and as a hero the famous American commander of His Majesty's Rangers in North America, Major Robert Rogers, who distinguished himself in the war against the French and the Indians in the eighteenth century. The story is told in the first person by a young American artist, Langdon Towne, who accompanies Rogers on the 1759 expedition against the town of St. Francis. The first half of the book is the story of this expedition, of the sufferings it entailed and of the valiant way its commander and his men overcame the difficulties that confronted them. Yet, heroic as this struggle is, the narrator clearly has no interest in or intention of glorifying war : both he and Rogers were fundamentally men of peace. On his return from the St. Francis expedition, Towne goes to London to follow his career as an artist, and there he once more falls in with Rogers, who has now crossed the Atlantic in order to win official support for his scheme to open up the North-West Passage. (This idea of opening up the North-West Passage is taken throughout the book to be symbolic of the short cut to fame and fortune.) Scenes with Hogarth, Benjamin Franklin, Burke and Joshua Reynolds, as well as descriptions of old London, enliven the interest here for the English reader. On his return to America, Rogers is appointed governor of an outlying trading station. But his enemies have already begun to close in upon him, and before long he is arrested and imprisoned on a trumped-up charge of consorting with the French. Court-martialled, he is acquitted, and once more turns up in London, where he again suffers imprisonment, this time in the Fleet for debt. His later exploits are more a matter of conjecture, and as one closes the book, what is uppermost in the reader's mind is not so much the death of Rogers as the deathlessness of the spirit which animated him.

The story is told in a straightforward manner, with a complete absence of introspectiveness or padding. It is clothed with a wealth of historical detail and a liveliness that never fails to hold the reader's interest. I felt that the author was happier writing of men than of women : few at all events of the female characters have much to recommend them. Rogers, on the other hand, is a genuine figure, whose faults appeal to us every bit as much as his virtues ; and his capacity for alcohol must command the admiration of the hardest of hard drinkers.



Aldous Huxley, by Sava Botzaris

This head of Aldous Huxley, whose "Ends and Means" appeared just before the New Year, is by Mr. Sava Botzaris. Grandson of Marco Botzaris, he is one of the outstanding members of London's Yugoslav colony, and is having a show of sculpture, drawings and caricatures at the Leicester Galleries from January 29th to February 21st. Mr. Botzaris is also an architect, an industrial designer, and a linguist — at present he is learning Chinese

MR. GERALD BULLETT has created a most delightful heroine for his new novel, *The Bending Sickle* (Dent ; 7*s.* 6*d.*). In the telling of Lalage Green's story his fine sense of character never fails him. Lalage's life was concerned with the things that happen to most of us—marriage, children, war and death—but Mr. Bullett brings plenty of variety and incident into his story, so that it is always absorbing, and at times most moving. Lalage was the daughter of a Victorian country parson, and in her teens she wrote an absurdly sentimental novel. Half a century later it is disinterred by an enterprising publisher who wants to re-issue it as a period piece. Most grandmothers would object to having their youthful ebulliences paraded in public. But Lalage's reaction is "How they 'll laugh at me ! What fun it will be ! " At seventy, she found life good, though she could look back on much unhappiness. A cramped girlhood led to a disastrous first marriage ; and the death of her husband in an attempt to master an Arab stallion gives Mr. Bullett an opportunity for a fine piece of dramatic writing. Lalage marries again, has children, and is widowed a second time. But throughout she keeps her sense of proportion, and because of it she loves and is loved. Mr. Bullett has written a wise and lovely book.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

Now that spring is on the way, there is every excuse for buying a new suit. Tweeds are always becoming, and Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, are showing a delightful collection of advance models in their coat and skirt department on the ground floor. Included among these is the ensemble on the right, in checked Cumberland homespun. The suit is cut with a plain tailored skirt and close-fitting jacket, with rounded corners and revers, while the full-length top-coat is squared at the shoulders and swings easily. The price of the ensemble is sixteen and a half guineas, and it is available in various becoming colour combinations, including red, blue and rust on a beige ground. Though it is too early to predict anything very definite, colours will undoubtedly grow gayer as the season progresses, and effective colour-schemes will include dark skirts worn with brightly checked jackets, either close fitting or short and boxy

Vogues of 1938

There is something very coy and spring-like about the hat above, with bonnet-strings tied under the chin. It is made in black grosgrain, trimmed with a cluster of palest pink rose-petals. Flowers will bloom on many of the new hats, sometimes covering them entirely. In one instance, Harrods are showing a delightful Breton sailor in black picot straw with a pale-pink grosgrain crown in the shape of a water-lily

"Infinite variety" is the most noticeable characteristic of the new spring hats. Below is a charming and exceptionally becoming model in black paper panama trimmed with touches of cerise and emerald. The brim, piped in colour, dips slightly all round, while the crown is shallow and square

Hats always provide sensational headlines in the way of fashion news, and this year they are gayer than ever. The cloche of bygone days has returned with a flatter crown and narrow brim, sometimes softened by a veil and shading the eyes. Talking of brims, these are much thicker, some like inflated tyres and others double or even triple. The fall of the crown is reflected in a series of ridiculous flat saucers trimmed with flowers and perched well forward. Their angle is most precarious, but a bandeau of straw holds them in place. In the same way, Breton sailors in thick plaited straw are tied on at the back with wide silk ribbon. Trimmings such as petersham ears, wings, and flowers all lend height, while people who like something exaggerated will appreciate a flat straw boater trimmed with a foot-high Nellie Wallace ostrich feather shaved of all its fronds except at the tip. The charming trio on this page come from the model hat-shop at Harrods, Knightsbridge. On the left is the new beret in grosgrain with a high sweep. It is carried out in two contrasting colours, royal blue with copper red, an unusually smart combination

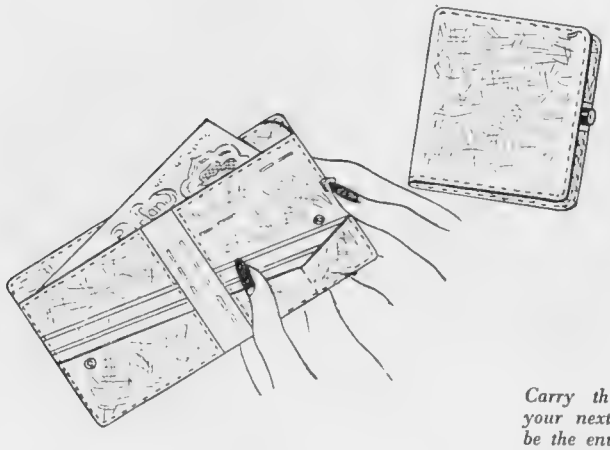
Dover Street Studios

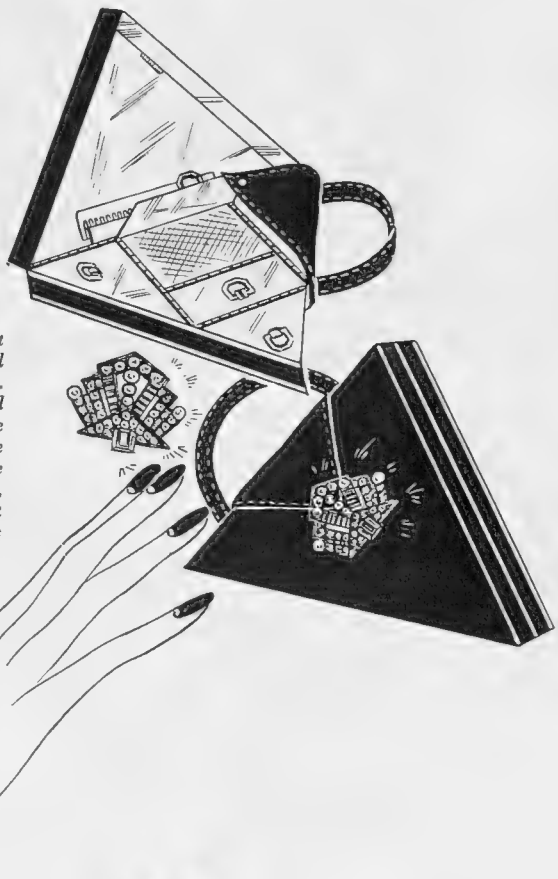
The Bystander Twins in search of Novelties

discovered by peta
pictured by pam

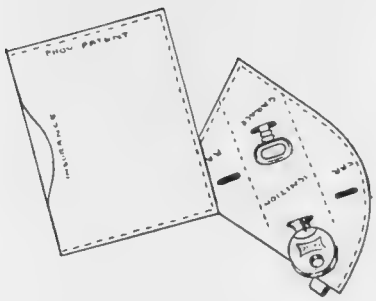
Anything new is always intriguing, and this "Expel" note-case is both practical and amusing. It is available in various leathers from 3s. 9d. at Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly, and works by means of a revolving disc, which expels notes one by one. While a forward turn brings up ten-shilling notes, a backward twist produces pound notes, and there is additional space for stamps, etc.

It is never too late to start keeping a diary, and Mudie's, 115, New Bond Street, are showing five-year volumes richly bound in leather edged with gold and fitted with a lock and key. Each page is divided into five paragraphs, so that next year's events may be compared with this year's, and so on. It can be begun on any date in any year, and costs 18s. 6d.

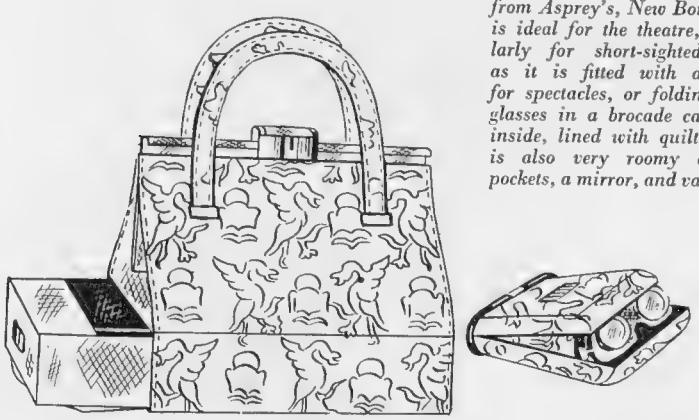




Carry this triangular bag at your next party, and you will be the envy of all your friends. It is made in black lacquer and suède, relieved with a detachable hand-set diamanté clip. The inside is divided into separate compartments for cigarettes, rouge, powder, etc., and it costs £8 10s. at Asprey's



Every motorist should carry this "Autocase" from Swan and Edgar, as it is specially designed to hold a driver's licence and insurance certificates, as well as the necessary keys for garage, ignition, and A.A. It is made in a variety of leathers, including pin seal, and costs from 2s. 9d.



This miniature portmanteau from Asprey's, New Bond Street, is ideal for the theatre, particularly for short-sighted people, as it is fitted with a drawer for spectacles, or folding opera-glasses in a brocade case. The inside, lined with quilted satin, is also very roomy and has pockets, a mirror, and vanity-case

"Cock-a-doodle-doo, come and have a drink," cries this rooster from Mudie's. It costs 12s. 6d. in carved wood, and has a green feather tail composed of cherry picks, a decorative touch for a cocktail bar

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

SOME readers of the BYSTANDER may recall that I have pressed repeatedly for the position of the replenishment pits at Donington to be changed.

Among the improvements to this course which have been undertaken by Craner and his merry men during the winter months, the moving of the pits is an item which has loomed large.

A number of new locations for them have been considered. At first Craner had the idea of shifting them across the course on to the Starkey's Grand Stand side, in order to stop people running across during racing, but this would not have removed the obvious objection, to which I first drew attention last June, of pits on an uphill stretch from which cars often have to be re-started by pushing.

An alternative suggestion now receiving consideration is the construction of a new row of pits on a sort of service road off the straight between the new paddock and Melbourne Corner.

This, I think, is probably the worst place possible. Apart from their remoteness from the existing Grand Stand and the control, Press, and broadcasting boxes, it is always a bad thing to have your pits situated on the fastest part of a course, as it makes the already difficult task of reading pit signals at speed practically an impossibility.

On the other hand, with a "busy" circuit such as Donington, where the driver is fully occupied the whole time, pits in the straight is the obvious choice—but not, in my submission, far enough along the straight to involve cars drawing away from their depots in danger through having to mingle at 20 m.p.h. with other cars travelling at eight times that speed.

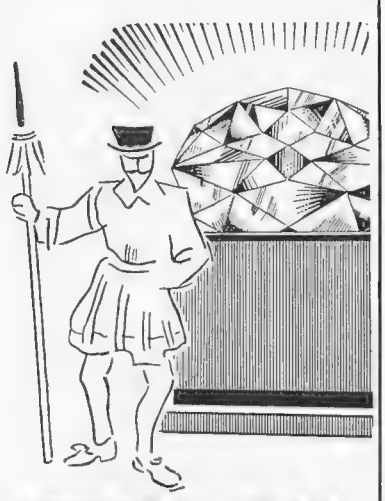
This Humber was photographed on a section of the Monte Carlo Rally route—the difficult stretch south of Grenoble, which Mr. Hess described recently

JUST at present a number of important Continental Motor Exhibitions are being held, and exhibits at all of them include Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars.

Thus, at the recent Brussels Show, a 40-50 h.p. "Phantom III." was on view, the body being a two-door, four-seater. In addition to this, a 25-30 h.p. Rolls-Royce Imperial coupé with a limousine body and a 4¼-litre Bentley with a four-seater drop-head cabriolet were on the manufacturers' stand, while on the stand of Messrs. Vesters and Neirinck, who built these three bodies, were another 40-50 h.p. "Phantom III." seven-seater limousine and a two-seater coupé 4¼-litre Bentley.

At the Amsterdam Show, from January 30th, and the Geneva Show from February 11th-20th, a 40-50 h.p. "Phantom III.", with a Hooper six-seven-seater Pullman saloon body,

(*Concluded on page* viii)



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Now it costs a lot of money,
But that's the price of fame.
I'm glad they haven't priced
Double Diamond Port the same.

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By Plane—New York to Miami 8 hours, Miami to Nassau by Pan American Clipper 2 hours.
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By Ship—from New York to Nassau 2½ days.
By Pacific Navigation Co. via Azores, 12 days.
By Cunard White Star Line, via New York. from 7 days.

WHAT IS THE CLIMATE LIKE?

Finest winter climate in the world. The temperature ranges between 80° F. and 90° F. from May to November and between 68° F. and 79° F. from December to May. Nassau has been recognized as a health resort for over 200 years.

WHAT DOES ONE DO THERE?

Life moves at an even pace in Nassau, but one can be gay or quiet at will. There are glittering night clubs and quiet spacious hotels. Fashionable bathing beaches and sleepy palm-fringed coves. There are opportunities for every type of sport and amusement.

WHAT IS THE SCENERY LIKE?

Charming old streets and green lawns. Palms, white beaches and an azure sea. Red hibiscus trees, oleanders, cassias and calabash and orchid trees. The old water front. Stately Colonial houses. Modern shops. Native fishing boats and handsome yachts Fairy-coloured underwater coral gardens.

PLENTY OF SPORT?

Yes. Two golf courses. Tennis. Riding. Polo. Fishing. Shooting (wild pigeon, duck). Sailing. Bathing. Horse-racing.

WHAT IS THE BATHING LIKE?

Magnificent! White sandy beaches and buoyant sapphire seas. Quiet little bays for sunbathing and more elaborate beaches with dressing rooms, music, bars and cafes.

ARE THE HOTELS GOOD?

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Motoring Commentary

(Continued from page vi)

a 25-30 h.p. Rolls-Royce with a Park Ward saloon body, and a 4¼-litre Bentley fitted with a Mulliner four-seater coupé body, will be exhibited.

From February 18th to March 6th at the Berlin Show, a 40-50 h.p. "Phantom III." and two 4¼-litre Bentleys—one with a four-seater two-door sports cabriolet and the other with a four-five-seater two-door sports cabriolet of ultra modern design will be shown on the stand of Messrs. Erdmann and Rossi, who made all three bodies.

THE Irish Free State was always interested in attracting motorists into the midst of its lovely scenery, and the old Phœnix Park races had the effect of drawing many motor-racing enthusiasts into the Dublin district as well.

Under its new constitution, Eire is determinded to foster the sport, and so we learn that next April the City of Cork is to have an Irish Motor Derby, organised by the Irish Motor Racing Club.

Three races are to be contested over the Carrigrohane six-mile circuit, on which is a straight concrete stretch of two and a half miles.

Thanks to a contribution of £5000 which has been offered by the Irish owner-sportsman, Joseph McGrath, the directors of the Cork and District Motor Club are enabled to offer prizes which will make the events interesting to racing motorists in Great Britain and on the Continent.

The principal race, on Saturday, April 23rd, to be known as the "Cork Grand Prix," will be 200 miles, the first prize being £1000, and the sum of £800 will be apportioned among the next three who finish the race.

It has been decided that this Grand Prix may be run under the new International Racing Formula, and owing to the attractive prize-list there is already reason to expect that Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy will be represented. Contacts have already been made by officials of the Irish Motor Racing Club with Continental racing teams, and it is hoped that the French will be represented by the Delahayes and Talbot-Darracqs; Germany by Mercédes and Auto-Union, and Britain by the E.R.A. car.

On the same day as the Grand Prix there will be a formula-free race for cars not exceeding 1½ litres—first prize, £250; second, £150; third, £100; and a further £150 divided among the next six finishing, plus £50, for the first under-1100 c.c. car to finish. The promoters say they are confident of receiving international support for this Light Car race. Italian Maseratis, it is expected, will be driven by Italian and British drivers in rivalry with the British 1½-litre E.R.A. cars.

There is also a handicap race open to British and Irish drivers, which will be held on the previous day, Friday, April 22nd, for which the prizes offered are: first, £100; second, £50; third, £35; fourth, £15.

The titles of the three races are Cork Grand Prix (under new formula); Cork 1500 c.c. Race (formula-free); Cork National Motor Handicap.

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"In Quest of Good Hotels"

By Ashley Courtenay.

Ask a man about hotels, and some old prejudice will emerge. In some cases it will take the form of excessive praise, in others of excessive condemnation. Nothing is more hostile to the truth; nothing less conducive to the questioner's comfort. Mr. Courtenay in his weekly articles in "THE SPHERE" has declared war on this attitude and he writes on hotels, inns and guest-houses all over the country–as he finds them. For unvarnished criticism and disinterested advice, one finds these articles not only stimulating and instructive but full of good ideas for one's next holiday, or next week-end. This is because Mr. Courtenay has no axes to grind or grievances to air and because like a good mason, he takes real pleasure in fitting the stones in the mortar. The goodwill of its visitors is the mortar of an hotel. Mr. Ashley Courtenay holds the plumb-line of appreciation

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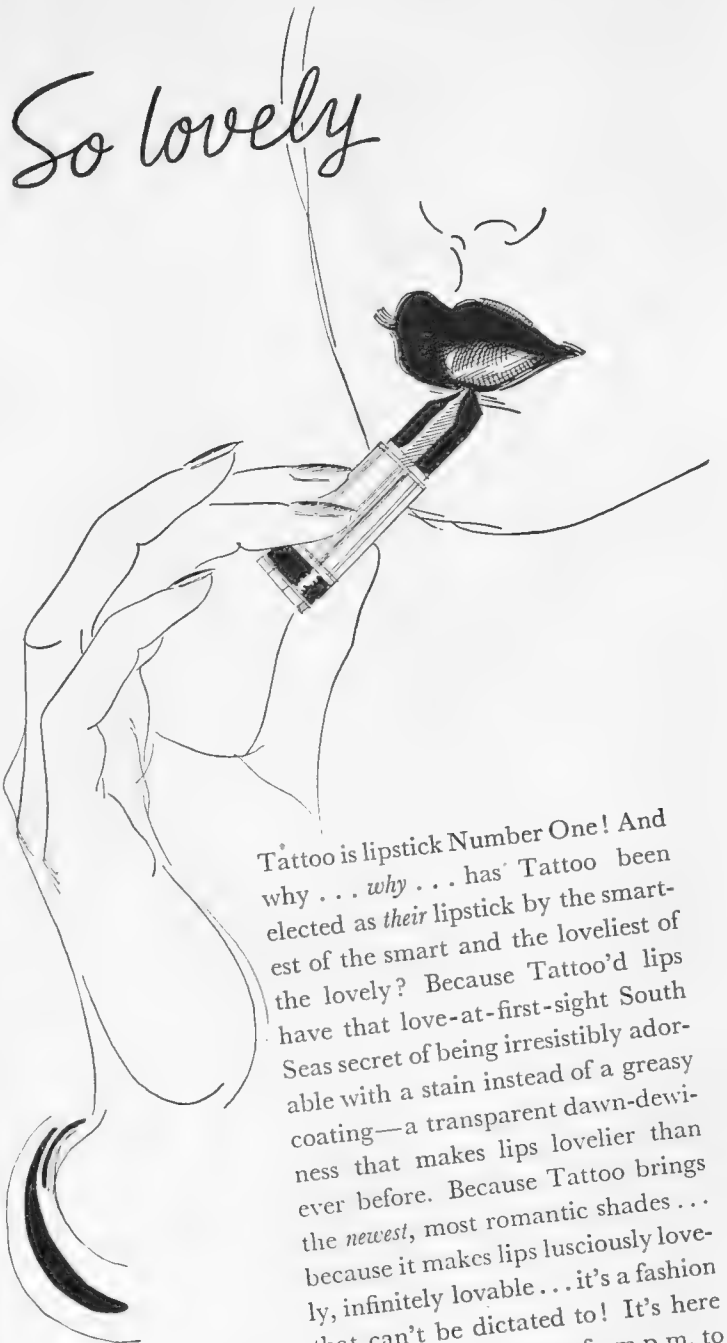

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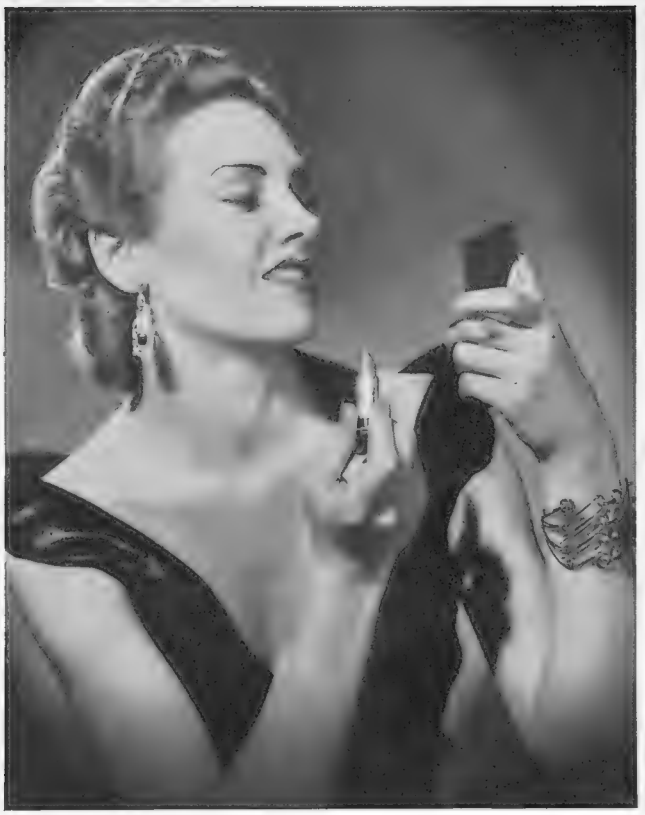

Modern Aids to Beauty

For the Lips

WINTER is not, perhaps, the most encouraging time to search for beauty, with colds reddening the nose and winds roughening the skin. Skilful make-up is more necessary than ever to conceal these defects, and a good lipstick properly applied can overcome that rather disorganised look which one sees on so many faces. The new Tattoo lipstick is made in warm, rich shades suggesting sunshine cruises to South Sea islands. What is more important from the busy woman's point of view is that Tattoo really does stay on, so there is no need for those furtive dabs which ruin anyone's appearance. Lips are often dry in the cold weather, but these lipsticks remain smooth and moist, and do not flake off. They can be bought practically everywhere, or a sample can be obtained by applying to Tattoo, Ltd., 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1, enclosing a postal order for sixpence—a good chance to experiment with the different colours.

And for the Lashes

IT is a mistake to assume that a certain type of mouth, such as a "Cupid's bow," is always beautiful, as the lips must, of course, be made up in accordance with the shape of the face. A round-faced woman, for example, should avoid a "rosebud" mouth, and apply her lipstick to its fullest width. On the other hand, if the chin is pointed, colour should be concentrated in the centre of the lips. The model on the left, who is putting the finishing touches to her make-up, has already treated her eyelashes with Tattoo cream mascara. This is very easy to apply, as it is simply squeezed from the tube on to the special brush provided; each hair is evenly coloured, and the effect is perfectly natural. A great advantage is that this mascara is waterproof, and quite unaffected by bathing, so it will be welcomed by women who are planning a cruise. Blondes should choose the brown shade and use it on their eyebrows as well as on their lashes; there is black for brunettes and blue to wear very lightly in the evening.

Smile As You Go *(Continued from page 98)*

front door slammed. Henry banged on the panels with greater determination, but they seemed tremendously solid. He picked up a chair doubtfully, and put it down again. Then, struck by an idea, he crossed to the mantelpiece, picked up a silver candlestick, went to the window, and broke a pane. In doing so he cut his wrist a trifle. He knocked the rest of the pane out, making a hole just large enough for him to crawl through. He jumped down into the garden and went round to the front of the house. The door was shut. There was no sign of the woman or the bearded man.

Henry went out into the road. There was no one in sight. Choosing his direction at random, he walked for about a quarter of an hour, and came to a cross-roads. A policeman was standing beside the road, staring warningly at nothing. Henry went up to him at a brisk pace.

"Have you seen them? Which way did they go? Where are they?" he enquired breathlessly.

"Have I seen who? Or whom?" demanded the policeman.

"The man with the beard and the Countess," replied Henry.

"Here," said the policeman, "what 's all this? What 's up with *you*?"

"So they didn't come this way?" said Henry. "You 're quite sure?"

"No more of that," said the policeman. "You 'd best get along quickly. Countesses, indeed! Shall I tell you what you 've been doing?" demanded the officer with rhetorical impressiveness. "You 've been *reading*. That 's what you 've been doing."

"Well, perhaps you 're right," said Henry, when he had thought it over. "There 's just one thing, though. You might tell me where I am."

"You mean to say you don't know where you are? You 're a fine one to be out alone! This is Wimbledon Common. There 's a bus-stop over there."

"Oh, thanks. Thanks," said Henry "Which way does it go? I mean, which way does the bus go for London?"

The policeman told him where to wait, and watched him suspiciously until the bus had arrived and he had boarded it. He sat down on one of those seats at the back which face sideways. As he paid his fare, he noticed that his wrist was bleeding. He fumbled with his handkerchief. There was only one passenger in the bus besides himself—a very pretty girl with fair hair and a charming expression. She sat facing Henry. After a few moments she leaned forward.

"Can I help you?" she said. "What a nasty little cut! How did you do it?"

"If I told you I did it escaping from a room in a lonely house on Wimbledon Common, in which I had been shut up by a man with a beard and a woman who was quite possibly a countess," said Henry, so excited by his adventure that he quite forgot to be diffident or blush, "would you believe me?"

"No," answered the girl promptly.

"In that case," said Henry, "I shan't tell you."

"Oh, but you must! You must tell me all about it. We have plenty of time, because you 're going as far as I am. I noticed when you took your ticket."

"Well, it was like this . . ." said Henry.

By the time they reached Putney Bridge he had discovered that the girl's name was Mary Lovesy, that she liked olives, and that she shared a flat in Redcliffe Gardens with a girl friend. In the Fulham Palace Road she confessed that she was free that evening, and would be glad to go out to dinner and a cinema.

"It 's rather a good thing I offered to tie up your wrist," she said to Henry as they got off the bus. "We should have gone the whole way sitting opposite each other and saying nothing otherwise."

"Do you think we should?" said Henry, who was thinking that his policy of smiling, after one or two false starts, was succeeding rather well.

"I do, because except for that I shouldn't have spoken to you. And I 'm sure you wouldn't have spoken to me first," said Mary Lovesy, who was of a rather frank and open disposition, "for I noticed when you first got in that you had rather a serious expression. As a matter of fact, I thought it rather charming!"

THE END.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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JANUARY

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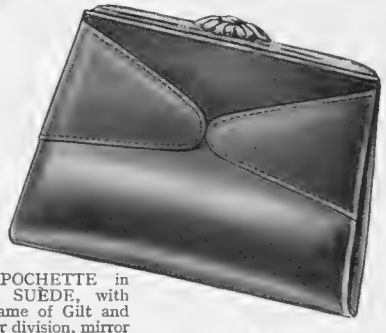

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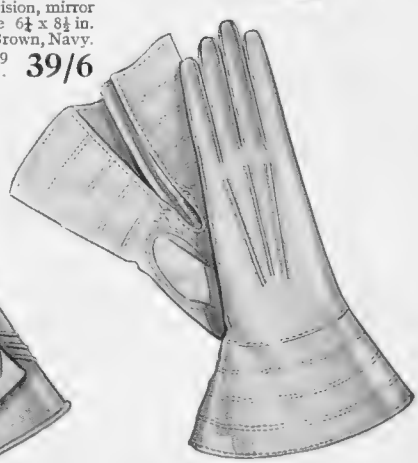

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Winifred Cooper

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cooper, of Pilton, Shenton Mallet, Somerset, and is engaged to Lt. Arthur Heywood Edmondson, R.N., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Edmondson, of Old Place, Willingdon, Sussex

Bassano

Pamela Marriott

Is the second daughter of Captain and Mrs. H. C. H. Marriott, of 25, Vallance Gardens, Hove; she is to marry Samuel Thornton Jagger, younger son of the late Frank Jagger and Mrs. Jagger, of Oakleigh, Llangollen

Lenare

Barbara Margaret Shore

Is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. W. F. Shore and Mrs. Keith Jackson, of Wayfaring, Hythe, Kent. She is engaged to Douglas Archibald Sconce, R.A., twin son of the late H. A. K. Sconce and Mrs. Sconce, of 5, Douglas Crescent, Edinburgh

Lenare

Eileen Porteous

Is the second daughter of Mr. an Mrs. Robert Porteous, of 2, Uxbrid Road, Hatch End, Middlesex, an is engaged to Ernest Nugent Corby Sudan Political Service, former Governor of Khartoum. The weddin will take place on February 26t

Baconson

Betty Jamieson

Is the twin daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Jamieson, of 34, Albany Street, Edinburgh; she is an M.B., Ch.B., and D.P.H., and is engaged to Donald Maxwell Cameron, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cameron, of Raisbeck Lodge, York

Patricia Haslam

Is engaged to Betty Jamieson's brother, Dr. John Jamieson, Dr. and Mrs. Jamieson's only son; she is the only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Haslam, of Burnley, Lancs.

Lenare

Diana Caulfeild-Stoker

Diana Joan Caulfeild-Stoker is the elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Caulfeild-Stoker, of Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset; she is engaged to Merrick Stanley Hymans, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Hymans, of Wargrave, Berks.

Pearl Freeman

Rosabelle Prentice

Is the younger daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. R. E. S. Prentice, of Strathlea, Broxbourne, Herts., and is engaged to Captain P. L. Dunsterville, only son of the late Lt.-Col. E. L. Dunsterville, and Mrs. Dunsterville, of Knocke, Belgium

Bassano

Mary Grosvenor

Is engaged to Martin Ward Hingley, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hingley, of The Red House, Clent, Worcs.; she is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Grosvenor, of Sillins, near Redditch

Lenare

Anne West

Is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. R. A. West, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. West, of 47, Halsey Street, Chelsea; she is engaged to Donald Carden, The Leicestershire Regiment, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Carden, of Burcketts, near Hayward's Heath

Fayer of Vienna

Grace Elaine Johnstone

Is the only daughter of the late Major J. H. W. Johnstone and Mrs. Johnstone, of The Wood, Blackwater, Hants., and is to marry Allan Richard Harvey, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Gourlay Harvey, of Dungells, Yateley, Hants.

Lenare

Bridget Bradfer-Lawrence

Bridget Evelyn Bradfer-Lawrence is th daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. H. L Bradfer-Lawrence of Grantley Grang Ripon, Yorks., is engaged to Georg Julian Gray, second son of Mr. an the late Mrs. G. W. Gray, of Th Manor House, Galhampton, Somers

Lewer — Rose

At St. John's, Colaba, Bombay, Lawrence Alfred Lewer, R.A.F., younger son of Lt.-Col. L. W. Lewer, D.S.O., and Mrs. Lewer, of Southsea, married Christine Rose, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Rose, of 27, Cuffe Parade, Bombay

Priest — Spurgeon

Lt. R. T. Priest, R.A., son of Major-General and Mrs. R. Priest, of 10, Vincent Square, S.W.1, and Marcelle Spurgeon, only child of Mr. and Mrs. C. Spurgeon, of 9, Grotto House, Gezira, Cairo, were married at St. Mary's Cathedral, Cairo

Roupell — Steen

Sub-Lt. Michael Roupell, H.M.S. Rodney, elder son of Lt.-Col. E. P. S. Roupell, D.S.O., and Mrs. Roupell, of St. Andrew's Road, Bedford, married Helene (Lolo) Steen at the Cathedral Parish Church, Portsmouth. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Erling Steen, of Pjaaka, Lysaker, Oslo

Pennefather — Hart

Roland Cranstoun Pennefather, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Pennefather, of White House, Hersham, Walton-on-Thames, married Kathleen Hart at Holy Trinity, Brompton. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Metcalf Hart, of Woodhall, St. George's Hill, Weybridge

Hathorn — Gilmour

Flying-Officer John William Hathorn, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Hathorn, of Johannesburg, South Africa, and Myrtle Gilmour, younger daughter of the late Douglas Gilmour and Mrs. Gilmour, of Brimpsfield House, Gloucester, were married at Penpont Church, near Brecon

Cowper — Stallard

Captain Cyril Frederick Cowper, The King's Dragoon Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Cowper, of Trudder, Newtown, Mount Kennedy, and Betty Stallard, daughter of Lt.-Col. R. H. Stallard, R.E. (retd.), and Mrs. Stallard, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Crabbie — Johnston

John Patrick Crabbie and Margaret Veronica Johnston were married at St. George's, Edinburgh. He is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Crabbie, of Blairhoyle, Perthshire; she is the younger daughter of the late Lord Sands and Lady Sands, of 10, Eglinton Crescent, Edinburgh

McNeill — MacAlister

James Malcolm McNeill, son of the late William McNeill and Mrs. McNeill, of Rostrevor, Co. Down, and Dorothy Jean MacAlister, third daughter of Sir Ian and Lady MacAlister, of 27, Well Walk, N.W.3

Radcliffe-Smith — Carstairs

Hugh Alfred Hargreaves Radcliffe-Smith, only son of Col. and Mrs. N. Radcliffe-Smith, of Highlands Heath, S.W.15, and Janet Louise Carstairs, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Carstairs, of Victoria, Australia, were married at Chelsea Old Church

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

January 19—January 25

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AUTUMN.—A dramatic plot overladen with jealousy gives Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie and Victoria Hopper the chances that they all take: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfrid Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Shakespeare's fantasy gets an enchanting production and performance with Ralph Richardson as Bottom, Robert Helpmann and Vivien Leigh: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers v. married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.—Sheridan's comedy is part of the Gielgud season; brilliantly acted, it out-plays and outwits every modernity: Queen's, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30. (Last four days).

THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS.—The diarist played by Edmund Gwenn is shown as a great, not petty, man in the service of King Charles (Barry Barnes): Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley excellent as Victoria, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30 Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30.

YES AND NO.—Fantasticated love-tangle makes an amusing evening with Mary Jerrold, Felix Aylmer, Diana Churchill, Rene Ray: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHOOSE YOUR TIME.—A new kind of revue mixture: Yvonne Arnaud, Florence Desmond, Naunton Wayne, news reel and Donald Duck: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Abundant and heavy with romantic outcrops, it is in the Drury Lane tradition; Dorothy Dickson, Ivor Novello, Marie Löhr, and elegant chorus: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A musical with all the virtues and vices of its kind; Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes and an excellent chorus being of the former: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MARINA.—An amusing and musical extravaganza on ice: Empress Stadium, Earl's Court, 3 and 8.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high-life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9

OH! LETTY.—A musical comedy that's musical, funny and gay, with Sydney Howard and Wylie Watson, Phyllis Stanley and Bertha Belmore: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 100.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

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ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

BULLDOG DRUMMOND HITS OUT.—Henry Edwards as Drummond in a Sapper thriller: Savoy, 8.30 only.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Rex Harrison and Kay Hammond lead the hilarious cast in this long-running laughter-maker: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I KILLED THE COUNT.—A new mixture of thriller and love-story, with a large, good cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The Crazy Gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes: Palladium, 6.15 and 9.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM SERVICE.—Hartley Power heads an American cast in a coarse, hoarse farce which makes the actors and audience roar: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS MONEY BUSINESS.—A family comedy with Antoinette Cellier, Henry Kendall, and Diana Beaumont: Garrick, 8.30.

Christmas Holiday Fare

ALADDIN.—Elsie Randolph as Aladdin; Arthur Riscoe as Widow Twankey: Adelphi, 2 and 7.45.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Jill Esmond and Anne Leslie as boy and girl; Albert Burdon and Clarkson Rose for comedy: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

CINDERELLA. — Stanley Lupino, Madge Elliott and Greta Fayne: Prince's, 2 and 7.30.

PETER PAN.—Anna Neagle as Peter, Pamela Standish as Wendy, George Curzon as Mr. Darling and Hook: Palladium, 2.15.

TREASURE ISLAND.—With Malcolm Keen: Comedy, 8.30.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS: Holborn Empire, 2.15.

Circus

BERTRAM MILLS': Olympia, 2.30, 7.30.

First Nights

THE MELODY THAT GOT LOST.—Esmond Knight and Dorothy Hyson play leads in this marital piece from the Danish: Phœnix, to-night, 19th.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA.—Eugene O'Neill's grim and exciting play with Robert Harris and Beatrix Lehmann transfers from the Westminster and gains William Devlin: New, to-night, 19th.

CINEMAS

LA BELLE EQUIPE (French).—Julien Duvivier directed this; Jean Gabin acts in it: Berkeley.

UN CARNET DE BAL (French).—Duvivier also directed this first-prize film; a bitter-sweet story; Françoise Rosay Rainer, Harry Baur, Pierre Blanchar: Studio One.

THE DIVORCE OF LADY X (British).—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier in her first technicolor film act a mild comedy-satire: Odeon.

LA GRANDE ILLUSION (French).—Jean Renoir directed this sensitive and sympathetic portrayal of life in a war-prisoners' camp; von Stroheim, Pierre Fresnay, Jean Gabin: Academy.

GRIBOUILLE (French).—Raimu has a great part in this film of French village life and a murder trial: Curzon.

HITTING A NEW HIGH (American).—Jack Oakie and Lily Pons and Edward Everett Horton are the players in this story of a publicity stunt: Tivoli. (Till Friday).

100 MEN AND A GIRL (American).—Romance, humour, music and a good story; Deanna Durbin, Adolphe Menjou, Leopold Stokowski: Leicester Square.

IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER (American).—High standard of crazy comedy, with Leslie Howard on form, Bette Davis, and Olivia de Havilland: Gaumont.

MAN-PROOF (American).—Fast comedy, with Myrna Loy, Franchot Tone and Rosalind Russell: Empire.

THE PERFECT SPECIMEN (American).—Errol Flynn and Joan Blondell are in this: Plaza.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA (American).—Ronald Colman in a dual role, Madeleine Carroll, Raymond Massey and Douglas Fairbanks, junior, in Anthony Hope's story: Marble Arch Pavilion.

SMASH AND GRAB (British).—Thrills and comedy are ingeniously and ingenuously mixed with Jack Buchanan Elsie Randolph, Arthur Margetson: New Gallery.

SOUTH RIDING (British).—Winifred Holtby's novel makes a film with Edna Best, Ralph Richardson, Ann Todd: London Pavilion.

TOVARICH (American).—Film version of the stage success has Charles Boyer, Claudette Colbert, Basil Rathbone, Isabel Jeans in it: Tivoli (from Friday).

WELLS FARGO (American).—Big cast and big canvas shows a panorama of American history: Carlton.

Premiere

THE AWFUL TRUTH (American).—Irene Dunne and Cary Grant's new film has a premiere in aid of the Waterloo Hospital for Children: Regal, Thurs., 20th.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

HUGH THE DROVER.—To-night, 19th, 8.30.

LES RENDEZVOUS, BLUE BIRD, POMONA, APPARITIONS Thursday, 20th, 8.30.

FIDELIO.—Fri., 21st, 8.

HANSEL AND GRETEL.—Sat., 22nd, 2.30.

HUGH THE DROVER.—Sat., 22nd, 8.30.

HUGH THE DROVER.—Tues., 25th, 8.30.

MUSIC

Concerts

B.B.C. CONCERT.—Willem Mengelberg conducts in a programme of Gluck, Brahms, Hindemith and Strauss: Queen's Hall, to-night, 19th, 8.15.

L.S.O. CONCERT.—Anthony Collins conducts in a programme of Brahms, Scarlatti, Elgar, and Mozart's "Coronation" piano concerto (Laudowska): Queen's Hall, Thurs., 20th, 8.15.

BERLIN PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Fürtwängler conducts in all-German programmes:
(1) Beethoven, Bach, Brahms: Queen's Hall, Fri., 21st, 8.30.
(2) Beethoven, Schubert, Pfitzner, Wagner, Strauss: Albert Hall, Sun., 23rd, 3.

FLEET STREET CHOIR.—A recital at the Wigmore Hall, Mon., 24th, 8.15.

EXHIBITIONS

CHINESE ART.—Proceeds or Chinese medical relief: 9, Conduit Street.

EUROPEAN ART OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.—Burlington House.

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A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

The Ritz

THERE hasn't been a cabaret at the Ritz for some weeks, but last night they started off again to the tunes of Niela Goodelle and the admirable fooling of Vic Oliver. The latter, you know, though you won't know his new batch of wise-cracks. At least, not until you hear them from him this time, or palmed off as originals by those who hear him.

Niela Goodelle is from the States, and this is her first appearance. I've seen photographs, which are pretty to watch; I'm

Ritz waltz styles are consistently good

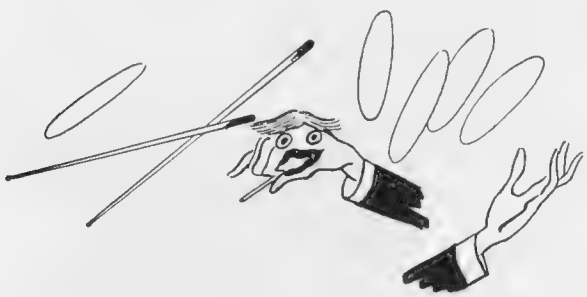
assured that she's prettier, and that her songs will be as good as any heard at the Ritz in years. And that means they're good, too.

But even without their cabaret they've been pleasantly full; and, as ever, of the smart young, and the young middle-aged. The Ritz's is the only dance-floor that I can think of off-hand where one consistently sees waltzes waltzed with pleasure, knowledge, gusto, and grace. And its patrons stay right up to the curfew.

The Dorchester

APART, I suppose, from the Casino, whose terms of reference are different, anyhow, the Dorchester is plainly offering the brightest and most lavish show in town just now. I should say "shows," because "To-night at 10 and 12" means what it says. The turns at each are different, and you are welcome to sit through both unsurcharged, dancing betwixt and between.

And Naunton Wayne's back, pray Heaven, for a long, long time. His experiences in America and his shrewd summing-up of the social situation out there should be noted by all students, either of America or Wayne. He is the looniest and most heart-warming of compères.



Prestidigitation by Wences at the Dorchester

Wences ventriloquises alarmingly well, with his hand as the dummy's face, as Charles Boyer's in *History is Made at Night*. He juggles with the other. Bood and Bood are just clowns. June Taylor is her sprightly and springy self, and "That Certain Trio" put over some fine songs with easy personality and some punch. I liked particularly "The 'Bystander,' the 'Tatler,' and the 'Sketch'" (in that order). Oh, yes, the Merriel Abbott Girls. Can you ask for more?

The London Casino

FOR utter superbity of spectacle I don't reckon to see the current Casino show beaten, even by the Casino. Girls, acrobats, girls, dancers, girls, singers, girls, clowns, girls, girls, and more girls. I imagine it will sound unduly eclectic to pick Lucienne and Ashour from the gallimaufry, but they delighted me as hugely as ever. And I've seen that dance of theirs several times before. Next, for your Coo-ers, I recommend the Dormonde Brothers on their single-wheel bicycles, if you'll allow the verbal anomaly. And for queer, as the Scots say, look at Ketty Mara and her terribly human ape. These are snap selections in a mass of assorted brilliance. The set-pieces are as brilliantly staged as you can remember, the girls are scantily clad, here and there, as is probably legal.

Little girl gets a big hand at the London Casino

The London Casino is unique in this country, and it needs no recommendation from me as the place to go. The prices all round are surprisingly happy, and, if truth be told, I'm sure your maiden aunt would be as pleased as anything to be seen there with you. It may be naughty, but it's nice.

Le Trianon

WHEN you read this, the Trianon will be the steady and pleasant dining and dancing haunt you've known it and made it. But around the end of the month there's going to be some swift and well-planned pick-and-shovel work, and, arising from out of the dust and small stones will be a new restaurant, a new grill, a new buttery, a new dance floor, a new bar, and, incidentally, new cloakrooms. There will be a welcome for you all the time, but, for a short period, the restaurant will be closed and you won't

Knocking down and putting up the Trianon

find a cabaret. By this time of the season everything will be in full swing, and the Trianon won't know itself for its fresh paint and glory.

The grill is to have a tiny dance floor with a tiny band, where prices will be "popular," as the saying is, and you won't have to change. This will be a welcome addition to the too few unchanged "dancings" in the West End, and I wish it all success.

Watch for announcements, or, better still, go along as usual and see the work in progress. Don't take any notice of the drawing. It won't be like that at all.

The Coq d'Or

WHEN I was last at Mr. Sartori's table, I got talking to him on the subjects of the day. We discussed golf, on which he is tremendously keen and technical, and his patrons, of whom he is tremendously proud, and, finally, his commissariat, the organisation and staff-work behind the gorgeous offerings that come at your behest. He showed me his kitchens, with M. Berthaud in command, his craft in his heart and at his finger-tips. He showed me his spit again, with twenty-eight fat birds sizzling on the turn. And he gave me some facts.

They roast a hundred chickens a day on that spit. The pat of butter on the trolley there weighs 28 lbs., and has come from Normandy that morning. His cream is flown from Isigny three

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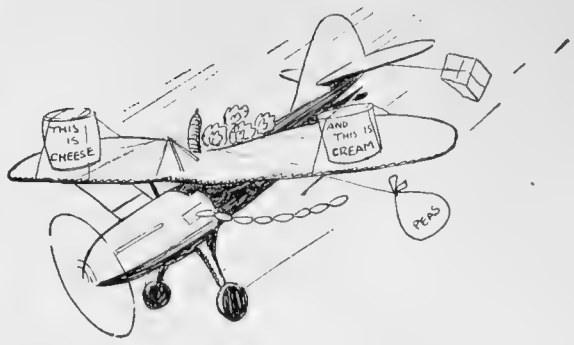
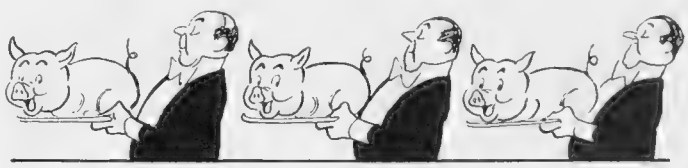


The Coq d'Or's air mail

times a week. And many vegetables likewise; peas from Nice, beans, artichokes, asparagus, aubergines. A 78-lb. Gruyère had arrived from Switzerland yesterday, by land and sea. From Paris, by air, came his Brie, ready-ripe to point up the wealth of one of his clarets (what a wine-list!). And snails, to be served just so, and to be eaten by both or neither of loving couples, because of their special seasoning. And his wines. And his golf. And his great, great restaurant.

Luigi's

THERE 's a glitter and a polish about Luigi's decorations and organisation that his clients do nothing to dull. Nor can I think of any restaurateur more ornamental to his own surroundings than the great Luigi himself. His looks, his clothes, his hands, and his voice—these are perfect concomitants to the greatness of his purpose and his success. Here come the rich, to dine quietly, the great, to lunch perfectly, the connoisseurs of food and wine to make a night of it. Even when the restaurant is full, which it generally is, there seem to be three waiters to a table, each



Three little (sucking) pigs at Luigi's

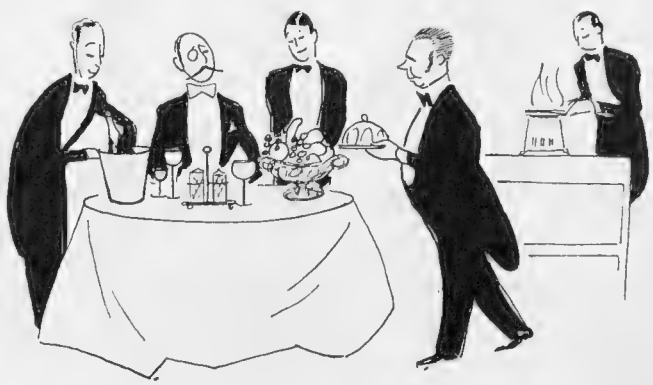
knowing his job to a nicety. And ever and anon Luigi himself will be there, asking you if you are enjoying his special omelette, which you are, or to let yourself go on his sucking pigs, which you undoubtedly will.

This has deservedly established itself now as one of the great places in London life. And don't forget the little sort of buttery place downstairs for quicker, but no less perfect, feeding. No music, no cabaret, no nothing other than perfect lunching, dining and wining.

The New Clarges

I SHALL always, I hope, have the same sole grouse to make about the New Clarges, and that is that I 've nothing new to say about it. It 's no good asking Binaco. He knows that if he changed anything anywhere except under cover and ever so gradually, every customer in the place would wonder what the world was coming to, and create a big pother. Not that Binaco wants to change anything, and, except for my aphasia when I write monthly about his restaurant, I am as utterly contented with its quiet greatness as the rest of them.

When you go there, each detail is so gratifyingly correct. Your guests bless your choice before, if they know it of old, and after,



New Clarges—Otium cum dignitate

if they are new to it all. You are welcomed by Binaco as though it needed only you to make the party complete. The waiters hover round with benign suggestions and beautiful temptations. Here is quiet, here is ease with dignity, peace with honour. A swift or a leisurely meal. There seems to be no time in the morning or evening when lunch and dinner are too early or too late.

Food, wines, service, atmosphere—oh, I 've said it so often before, and meant it every time!

L'Ecu de France

DOUMENC (herewith), for twenty years the "familiar" chef of the great Basil Zaharoff, is now installed in the kitchens of the Ecu, and I hope M. Sender, the supreme boss of the restaurant, will not mind my publishing his great satisfaction with his new artist. It was part of a policy having him come. M. Sender wanted the touch of the private chef for the service of his public. An artist's choice of artist.

You 'd think that was news enough. But M. Sender tells me that Herbodeau, the great Herbodeau of the Carlton, Herbodeau, President of the Culinary Association and about as big a name as there is in contemporary gastronomy, has joined him as technical adviser; so that the great brains of cooking are being put into a not-very-large London restaurant. You tell M. Sender the obvious, that he has a success on his hands, and he replies, "It has got to be." It is.

Notes on a menu: Ernest, the barman juggling with each bottle deftly as it comes to hand; the new France Gourmande next door, which will probably be open and thriving by now; Lehrian, the maître, wise and cheerful and efficient; young exquisites from the F.O. practising their French.

Doumenc, Chef at l'Ecu de France

Austria Restaurant and Salzburg Grill

THERE are alterations toward here, too. The southern wall of the grill is to be brought back further south; there is to be a grill itself in full view, but screened by glass, at the west end, and perhaps, one day, there will be gentle cabaret and entertainment in Tyrolean mood for our complete luxury. Not but what the grill isn't very much to our liking as it is. But perhaps the food has prejudiced me in its favour. And that particular pilaff which I ordered the other night, with instructions to Bruni on what I wanted the result to look like and taste like. It came, I saw, I

Three-litre Gesundheit at the Austria

tasted, and was conquered. It was a happy moment, because I 've been searching for just that pilaff in cantankerous mood in many of the swagger restaurants of London. And here it was, in one of the newest. Thank you.

In the restaurant there is dancing, music and the same fine cooking as in the grill. (Probably I 've got the emphases wrong there. But literally it is correct.) Londoners are quickly finding these two pleasant spots, and finding them to their likings. So are countrymen and Continentals, and not all of them from the extraordinarily attractive hotel of which they are a part. You must find them for yourself, and you 'll approve.

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Kempinski's

THE Tavern downstairs is becoming the Tavern of the Town. It started as a hopeful venture, a pleasant tendril of the vastly successful restaurant upstairs, and now it is branching out into a young success of its own. Just now they 're as pleased as anything with their new cabaret acquisition, Marjorie Dale, a lovely young thing who romantically, so the story goes, was heard singing as she shook milk in the Fleet Street milk-bar by a Paramount

Milk-bar singer at Kempinski's

talent scout. And now, at the age of eighteen, she has her foot on the first rung of, etc., etc. Just like the movies, where you 'll be seeing her soon. Meanwhile, go and hear her at Kempinski's Tavern, and you 'll approve of the talent scout's choice. She goes round the tables singing through the evening, while George Castelly plays, and Felix, the genial head-waiter, asks to be allowed to choose your meal.

But don't let all this distract you from the food when it comes, because that is K.'s main object ; food from every quarter of the Continent, nationally prepared with exclusive and all-pervading excellence. The Tavern is a joy for a lazy evening, with beer, cigar, and a pleasant companion. It 's getting so that you ought to book tables now. Don't say I didn't warn you.

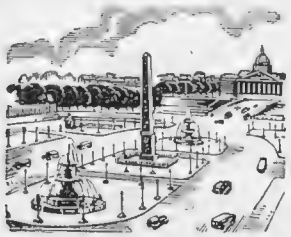
Hatchett's

TUESDAYS and Thursdays are Pickwick pudding days for lunch. Remember them when you want to feed that important client and take him back to the conference at peace with the world and mightily well disposed towards yourself. Hatchett's looks to the

Pickwick day at Hatchett's

past with a quiet eye on its great history, and to the present to see that its guests are well bestowed. To me one of its great charms is its angularity ; the balconies, corners and grots where tables are quiet, and from where you can—or think you can—see without being seen. Another charm, and more than a charm, is its wine-list, for which reason, amongst others, I recommend it for bringing your rich uncle and letting him loose.

Were you there on New Year's Night, when Boscasso dispensed the hot punch with a Pickwickian flourish, and a coaching horn of more than a century and a half old, belonging with its traditions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to Hatchett's, was blown by a modern expert as to the manner born? And have you had Boscasso's "Pear Winter Sports," which he admits with pride and awe he has purloined from M. Batiste Virlejeaux, of the Savoy?

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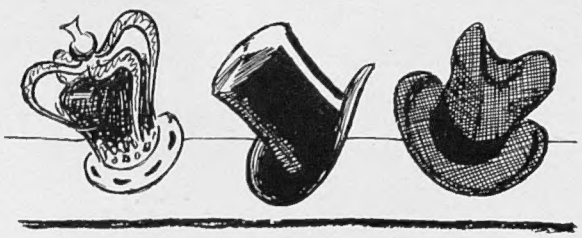
Bon Viveur

ON one and the same day, and in one and the same person, came two confirmations to Davico of the Bon Viveur. Confirmation that in spite of scares from the south-east district, oysters could be eaten with as much relish and as little danger as ever. Confirmation that his club is able, as ready, to receive king with commoner, poet with peer. A king—and there aren't so many that you won't be able to guess which—came, all casual-like, with a friend to



Kings and Commoners at the Bon Viveur

dinner at the Bon Viveur and sat down to a royal and whacking plateful of oysters for a start. Davico was flattered, naturally, but I 'm sure that not a cog in the service broke down, nor was the excitement so great that other quiet guests were not served with the regular slickness for which this club has a deserved name. It was just one of these things that happen, a sudden feather in a cap that has many owing to it.

Nice little parties of two, or three or four, or perhaps more, talking, dining, at rest and with great brandy-glasses at the ready; a cuisine which somehow manages to produce absolutely anything that you would ask for at the biggest restaurant; a wine-list lovingly made out; a little band in the skies, but not insisting that you shall hear them; the biggest coffee-cups in London, and, surely, one of the pleasantest places.

The New Queen's

IN the general schemozzle of goings and comings of the lucky to and from the lands of winter sports, London must do what it can to bridge the gap, to give a rousing send-off to the pale-faces, and a rousing welcome back to the tanned or broken. In Leicester Square is a haunt that more and more of the Austria- and Switzerland-minded are taking to their hearts. Especially the Cresta Bar part of it upstairs, which is designed by experts and run by enthusiasts to recall its namesake at St. Moritz, and gloss, for the stay-at-homes, over the joys that they are missing.

Downstairs, too, of an evening, there is revelry and beer-drinking and music and loud chatter such as you associate

Hurrying to the Cresta Bar at the New Queen's

with "those parts." The Bierkeller is a hive of young jollity for dinner and after. Smart people and nice people, and excellent beer.

At lunch matinée-goers, cinema fans, and shoppers outnumber the business feeders, but only just. Generously the management is now giving away a bijou box of chocolates to each lady at mid-day. Sheer luxury, because they can't want anything more after that lunch, and they 'll only rattle the paper in the movie. But there it is, and it 's a happy thought. Don't forget salads and Scandinavian specials. But you must know the New Queen's for yourself by now.

R. A. U.

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MONTE CARLO CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON 1938

SOCIAL EVENTS: INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB—Cabaret every evening; Special Gala Dinner on Wednesdays.

SPORT: Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis)—INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February* 28—*March* 6; Easter Tournament, *April* 18-24. Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February* 12; Sporting Club Cup, *February* 19; Walter de Frece Challenge Cup, *March* 5; "Bystander" Mixed Foursomes, *March* 17. MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January* 29. Sailing Regattas, *March* 31—*April* 3. Outboard Meeting, *April* 21-24. Ski-ing — French Championships at Valberg, Beuil and Auron, *February* 11—18. Annual Dog Show, *March* 30—31.

MUSIC: Concerts—Liszt Festival with EMILE SAÜER, *February* 2; Classical Concert with Ida Haendel, *February* 4; Grand Concert conducted by Sidney Beer, *February* 9; Gala with dancing by Clotilde and Alexandre Sakharoff, *February* 11; Classical Concert with Umberto Benedetti, *February* 23. Opera—"Tristan and Isolde," *January* 29; Creation "Andersen's Tales" (Grieg Music), *February* 27.

THEATRE: Comédie Française—official performances *during February*; Ballet Season, *April* 2-28 (with two entirely new Massine Ballets).

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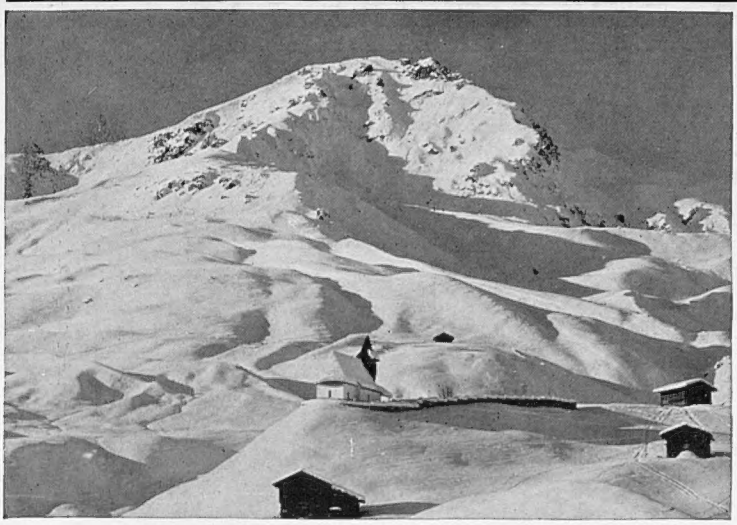

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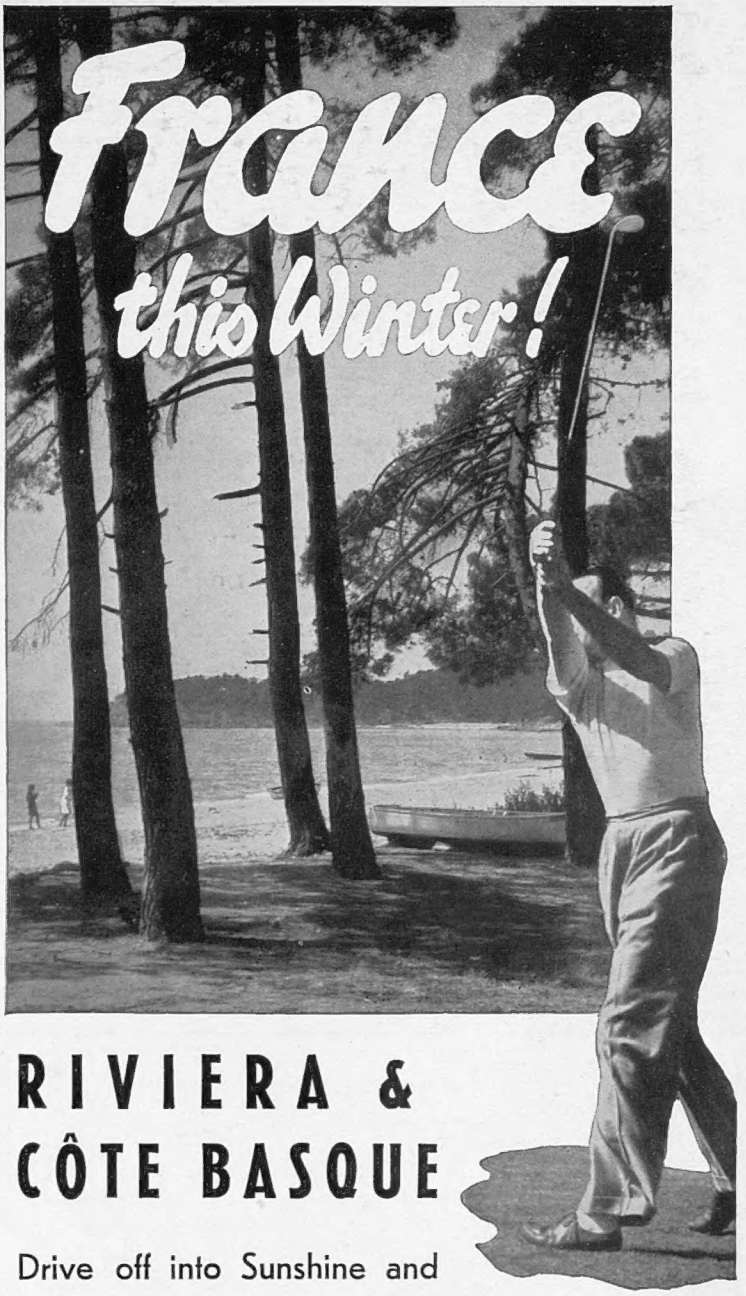

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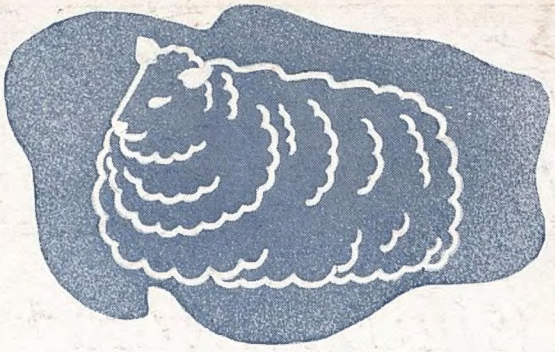

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"Fortunately I had Sanitas in the house"

Mrs. Jones : "*I hear that your children have been staying away from school.*"

Mrs. Smith : "*Yes! but only for a couple of days. John and Mary both came home from school with sore throats and I didn't know what might develop. Fortunately I had some Sanitas in the house and I made them gargle several times a day with Sanitas and warm water—about half strength. My dear, it is marvellous stuff! The kiddies were quite fit again after two days and went back to school on the third day.*"

Mrs. Jones : "*Yes! Sanitas is very useful. We always keep it in the house, and since we all started using it each night and morning as a mouthwash and gargle we haven't had a cold, sore throat or dose of 'flu in the family, and it is so refreshing.*"

SANITAS IS THE RELIABLE FAMILY ANTISEPTIC FOR ALL PURPOSES OF HOUSEHOLD and PERSONAL HYGIENE

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before it becomes dangerous

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BRAND TRADE MARK INHALANT

Neglected colds open the door to Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and other troublesome and dangerous ailments. Used when the first symptoms of a cold appear, Vapex will stop it quickly and safely. If you have let your cold develop, Vapex will shorten the duration of the attack.

Vapex is pleasant, safe, economical and dependable. It contains no harmful drugs. Vapex has been stopping colds for over 20 years. Just sprinkle a drop on your handkerchief and a drop on your pillow and breathe the healing vapour freely.

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VAPEX KILLS GERMS

In the warm recesses of the nose and throat, the germs of the common cold lurk and multiply with unbelievable swiftness. Science knows many ways of destroying them but there is none so pleasant or so safe as Vapex sprinkled on the handkerchief or the pillow and breathed freely.

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A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF BY DAY AND ON YOUR PILLOW AT NIGHT

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